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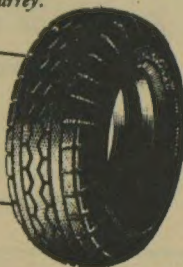
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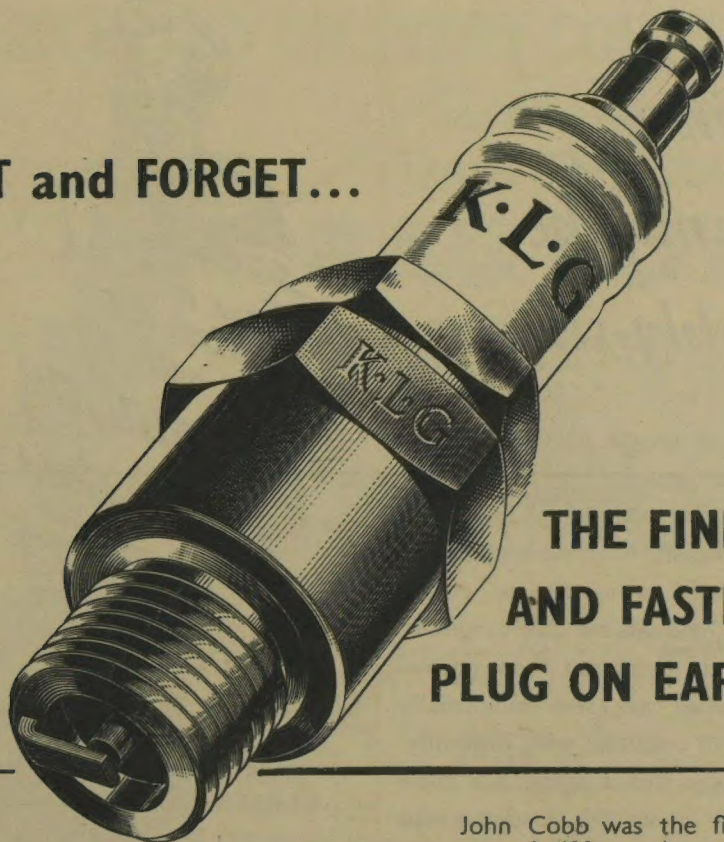
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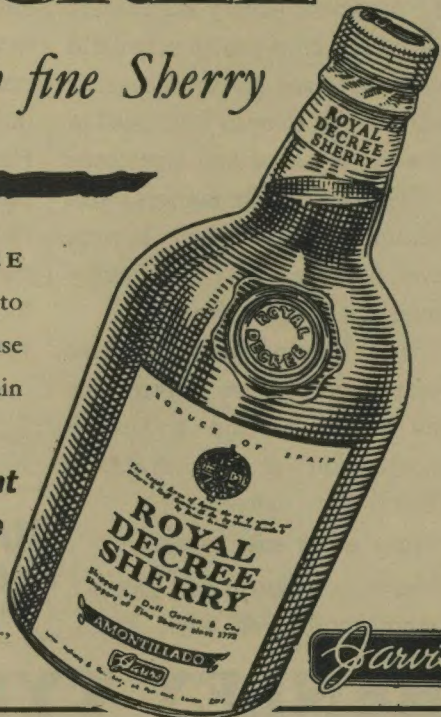
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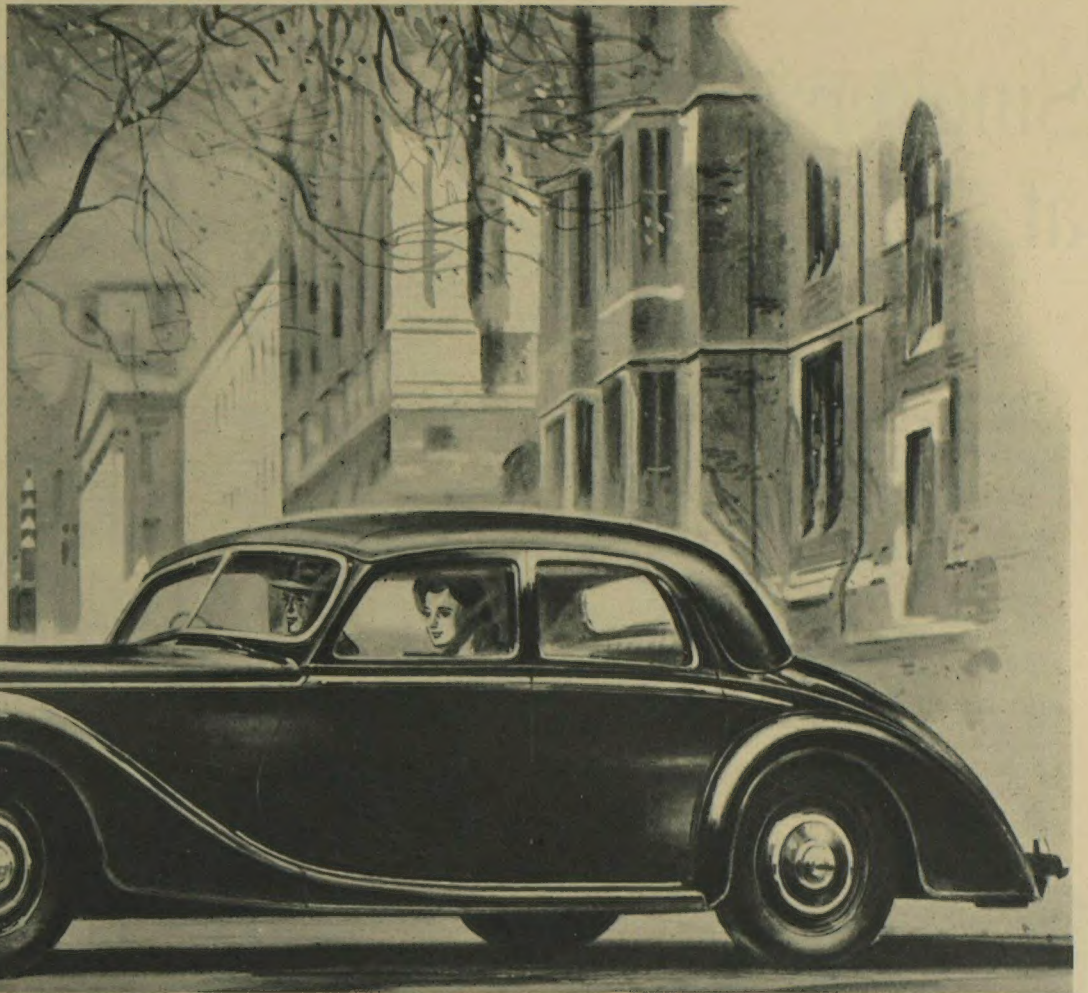
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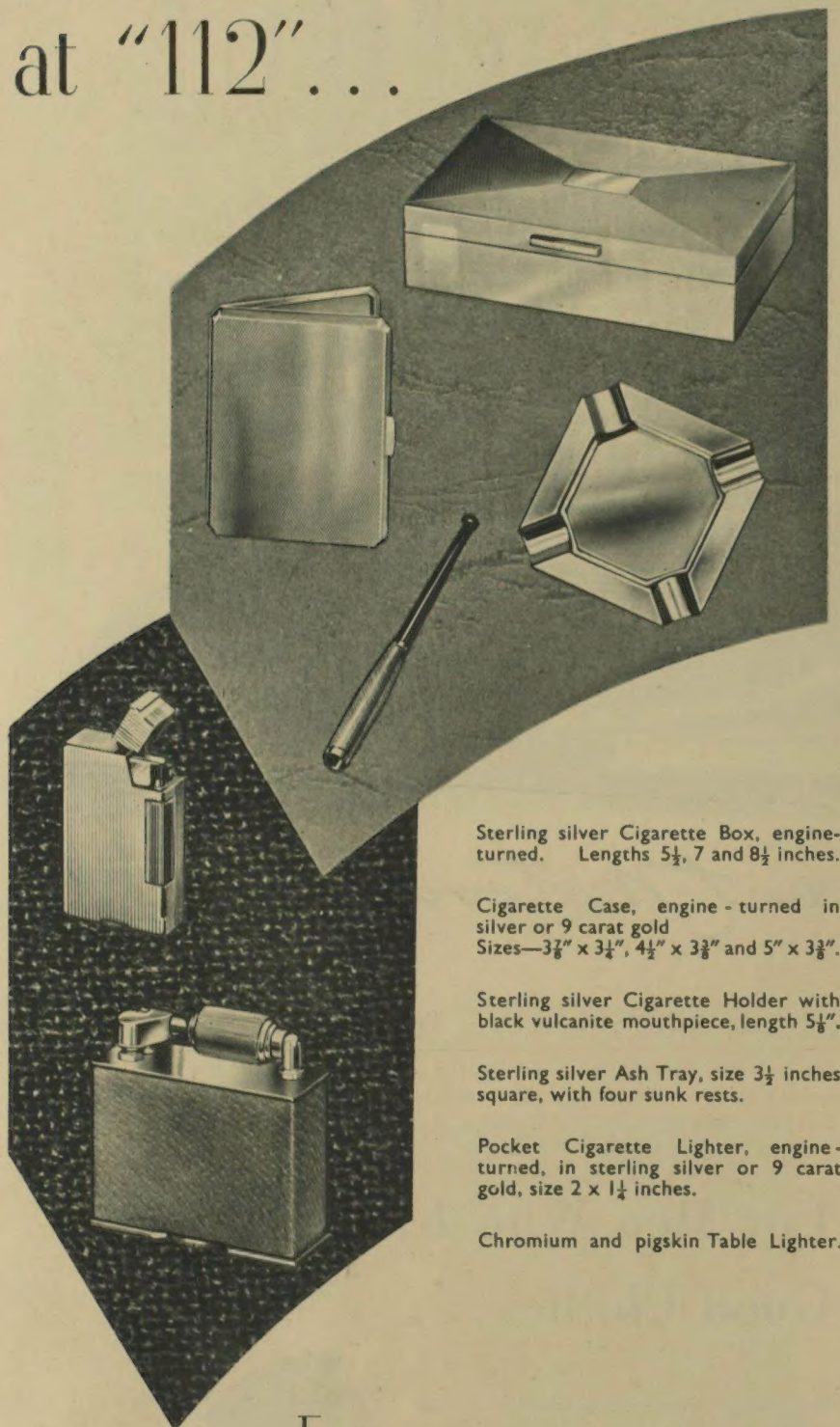


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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1951



A GREAT ANGLO-NORWEGIAN OCCASION: SKI-JUMPING BY FLOODLIGHT ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The two-days ski-jumping competitions on Hampstead Heath provided Londoners again this year with a thrilling display of skill and daring, and huge crowds watched it, in spite of unpleasant weather. The construction of the great scaffolding used is illustrated on another page in this issue. Our photograph shows the jumping in progress by floodlight on March 30. The London Challenge Cup for Norwegians was retained by Arne Hoel, a twenty-four-year-old Oslo businessman who has twice won the Holmenkollen contest. On Friday night, March 30, he made two jumps of 32½ metres and on Saturday, in consequence of faster snow

conditions caused by rain, increased them to 35 and 35½ metres, the latter a Hampstead Heath record. The University Challenge Cup for Oxford and Cambridge was won by Oxford. An "unofficial" contest also took place between the Norwegian schoolboy "mascots" of twelve and thirteen, Widar Wilhelmsen and Henrik Lindeman, the latter winning with a 30½-metre jump. A double jump by Egil Laerum and Jappen Eriksen, who came down arm-in-arm and did 31 metres without falling, brought the contest dramatically to an end. The snow was imported from Norway and came in duty free.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TRYING to explain, in the compass of a short book for youth, the phenomenon of England's history—the history, that is, of a nation from whose political ideals the Governments of nearly a third of mankind's population to-day derive their ruling beliefs—I have been trying to select and analyse the fundamental factors that have made England, or, if one sinks England, as I think one should, in the wider union of its neighbour and related nations of Scotland, Wales and Ireland, Britain and British beliefs and practices what they are. The first and chronologically most obvious of these is that Britain is an island, and one so geographically placed in relation both to continent and ocean that it cannot remain for long without either being invaded or influenced by others, or, alternatively, without invading and influencing others. During the first 5000 years of the 6000 years in which Britain has been an island, people from other lands invaded her, each of them bringing their own separate contribution of character, belief, and technical capacity to her common stock and all of them having at least one thing in common—since they could come here in no other way: a knowledge of how to navigate the ocean. During the last 1000 years the waves of invasion have flowed the other way: the inhabitants of the island tending to influence other lands more than other lands influenced them. At first this outward movement, directing itself in reverse across the narrow seas towards the Continent of Europe, first towards Scandinavia and then, for a much longer period and with greater immediate effect, towards France and the Low Countries, was not particularly remarkable in its results. But during the last 400 years, when it has flowed out across the oceans westwards and southwards and thence eastwards into all the further continents, it has transformed the life, history and beliefs of the world.

The early invaders—those who came here before 1500 years ago—changed Britain (except perhaps Ireland) very little, though their blood still flows in our veins and helps to create our rather mixed physical type. The chief things the first invaders brought were the sheep and goats which cleared the hill-tops in the South of England and made the chalk and limestone downs what they still are to-day. The Romans who followed and conquered them brought much, but left behind only two really important things that were to endure: the skeleton of our system of roads and the site—though little else—of our principal port and town. The next comers, the Anglo-Saxon colonists from Schleswig and Friesland across the North Sea, brought far more. They cleared the forests in the rich clay lowlands and turned them into plough-lands: the greatest single physical fact, after her insularity, in the history of Great Britain. They brought, too, certain most important attributes: their rather sombre veneration for courage, truthfulness and loyalty, particularly in defeat, derived from their northern legends; a love of personal liberty; and a certain stolid practical sense and capacity for local and neighbourly co-operation and a kind of rough justice. They were a stubborn, puddingy, rather unprepossessing people, much given to fighting and slaying their enemies, but they had much in them that commands respect and to which we owe much. To them came, a century or two after their arrival here, the greatest invaders of our history: those who, from Rome and the Celtic Churches of Ireland and Scotland, brought the creed which ever since has, by and large, and I think on the whole increasingly, dominated the British attitude towards the problems of human government and conduct. That creed was Christ's philosophy of love, humility, service and sacrifice as interpreted, and frequently obscured, by the limitations, stupidity and frailty of the human beings and the man-made Churches and institutions through which it was necessarily transmitted. The practical basis of that creed was respect for the soul of the individual: of every individual: an ideal which ran counter to almost every other ideal then held by men, including Englishmen. It took a very long time under such circumstances for it to make itself deeply felt in our political and social institutions, yet it began to do so spasmodically almost from the start. The life and work of a man like the Venerable Bede or King Alfred, living within the first century or two after the English Conversion, affords instances of this. So, centuries later, does the life and work of a Wilberforce, a Livingstone or a Florence Nightingale.

Before the main invasions of Britain ended some 900 years ago, two other peoples brought their contribution to her material and ideological heritage. Both came from Scandinavia, the first directly and the second indirectly. The Danes and Norsemen who ravaged and colonised Britain in the ninth and tenth centuries after Christ were the greatest seamen the world had till then known, and were almost as great fighters and traders as they were seamen. They not only laid the foundations of British town life and mercantile supremacy and enriched the British stock with their maritime

genius—their blood, one feels, must have flowed in Drake and Nelson—but, by the challenge they brought to English nationhood and religion, they evoked, under the leadership of Alfred of Wessex, the response that both saved Christendom in its darkest hour and made us for all time a Christian nation. Their kinsmen, the Norsemen, in the eleventh century brought to our shores from France the legacy of culture which had been temporarily ours in the days of Rome, but which had been almost wholly destroyed on this side of the Channel, and with it their own astonishing genius for political leadership. Through the great kings and administrators, both civil and clerical, whom they gave us, they made it possible in the fullness of time for the Anglo-Saxon genius for co-operation and justice to operate on a nationwide instead of a purely parish or provincial scale.

During the next 400 years, while the inhabitants of an England which had now ceased to be invaded were themselves making experiments in the invasion of other lands—those of the neighbour lands of Wales, Scotland and Ireland and of the Continental lands of France, Spain and Flanders—they were themselves learning to be a nation. To those immensely formative years, presided over by the great Norman, Angevin, Plantagenet and Tudor kings,

belong the return to Britain of the classical culture of Mediterranean Europe, the building of our cathedrals and parish churches, the union with Wales, the birth of our ballad poetry and beautiful folk-song, the making of the English language and its first fine flowering in the literature of Chaucer and Langland, the creation of the national judicial system and the Common Law, the foundation of parliamentary government, the development of our commercial genius through the wool trade, and the early growth of the Navy, which first kept us from invasion and then enabled us, when the time came, to carry invasion across the oceans. That time came towards the end of the sixteenth century, when having broken with Rome and found a full co-ordination of all her mingled racial instincts and powers, England burst through the shadowy ocean blockade of imperial Spain and began, without design or even conscious purpose, to found a new world empire or, rather, commonwealth, not only of physical conquest but, far transcending it, of commerce, ideas and self-governing institutions, on all the further shores of the global oceans. The rest of the story is familiar enough: the union with Scotland and Ireland; the triumph of parliamentary supremacy; the successful subordination of the military to the civil Power; the Baconian thesis of scientific deduction that, in the hands of a people of sound libertarian government, abounding energy and practical genius, led through the Royal Society and Newton to the Industrial Revolution; the repeated challenge in the name of international law to totalitarian military conquest; the peaceful transference of parliamentary power from the aristocracy to the people, and the creation, by all political Parties, of the social welfare State. Throughout these great achievements one factor, I would suggest, has remained constant: until at least the last twenty or thirty years, when it has begun—temporarily or permanently—to be derided by intellectuals and to decline in popular practice and esteem: the Christian concept of

brotherly love, charity and justice between men. How little theological fashions and social changes have altered that concept can be seen by a perusal of three intensely English and popular works, composed at intervals of many centuries: one in the Catholic Middle Ages, one in the heyday of Puritanism, and the other in the age of Victorian and Darwinian progress. Langland's "Piers Plowman," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Dickens's "Christmas Carol" have widely differing themes, yet the ideal they enshrine is the same: one, but for our passing ephemeral moment, one would be tempted to say, eternally dear to the English heart. They enshrine the common denominator of our history.

THE MAHARAO RAJA OF BUNDI'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

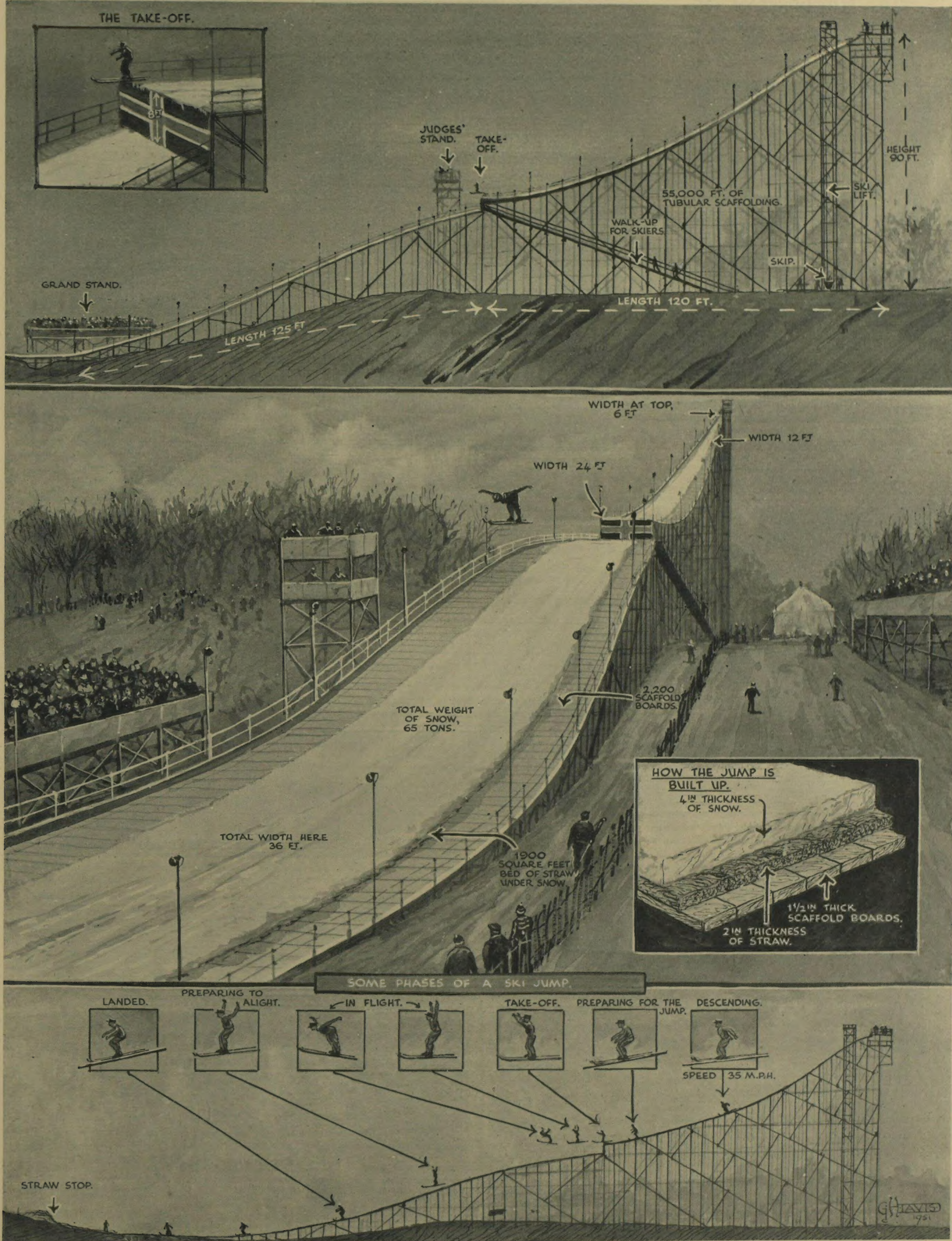


SHOT BY THE MAHARAO RAJA OF BUNDI DURING HIS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS: A FINE 450-LB. TIGER. THE THIRTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD MAHARAO RAJA CAN BE SEEN (CENTRE, HOLDING SUNGLASSES) STANDING NEXT TO MR. MARTIN FLAVIN (HOLDING CAMERA), THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT AND NOVELIST.



SEATED ON A SILVER THRONE AND WEARING PRICELESS JEWELS: H.H. MAHARAO RAJA OF BUNDI IN THE PHOOLSAGAR PALACE, BUNDI, RAJPUTANA, DURING THE DURBAR HELD IN HONOUR OF HIS THIRTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

On March 17 Major H.H. Maharao Raja Bahadur Singhji Bahadur, Maharao Raja of Bundi, celebrated his thirty-first birthday. To mark the occasion there was a five-day programme of celebrations which included a tiger shoot and a colourful durbar held in the ancient Phoolsagar Palace at Bundi. The Maharao Raja served in World War II, with Probyn's Horse; he was awarded an immediate M.C. for conspicuous gallantry during the attack on Melkita. In 1946 he was an A.D.C. to the King. Since 1948 he succeeded in 1945) he has been Uprajpramukh (Vice-President) of the United State of Rajasthan.



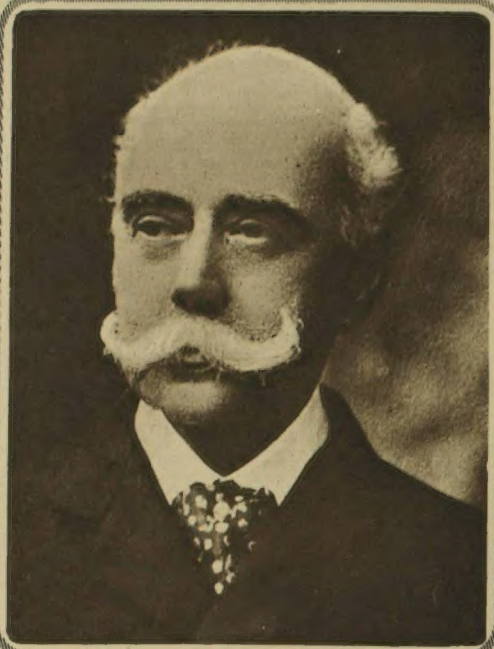
WINTER SPORTS IN THE HEART OF LONDON: THE HAMPSTEAD SKI-JUMP—DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING THE CONSTRUCTION, THE SKI-RUN AND THE WAY IN WHICH THE IMPORTED SNOW IS USED TO BEST ADVANTAGE.

As reported on our front page, Hampstead Heath has been the site for Anglo-Norwegian ski-jumping competitions for the second year running. The event has been organised by the Central Council of Physical Recreation in co-operation with the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Norwegian Ski Association, and the proceeds go to the National Sports Development Fund. As our Artist's drawings show, the jump is created primarily by the erection of a tubular steel scaffolding with a ski-lift at the upper end. This scaffolding has been erected during four weeks by the Mills Scaffold Co., of Hammersmith, and has taken some 55,000 ft. of tubular scaffolding. This year the jump has been 245 ft. long, 15 ft. higher

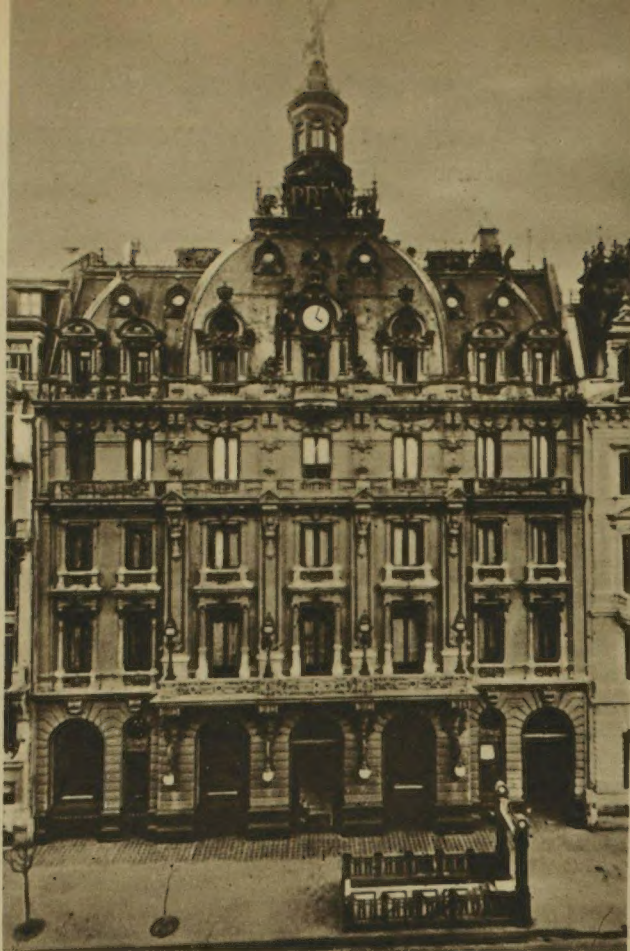
than last year, the take-off platform 3 ft. higher, and the run-out rather longer to allow competitors to turn and brake naturally instead of diving into a pile of straw. The runway, which is 6 ft. wide at the top, gradually widens to 24 ft. at the take-off, and 36 ft. at the bottom. The actual snow came from Norway, where it was packed in sacks which were then packed in large wooden crates. On the actual run, this snow—65 tons in all—was packed on top of layers of straw which in its turn was supported by boarding. The second day's competitions (on March 31) were witnessed by the Norwegian Ambassador and a very large crowd, undeterred by bad weather; and it was a great Anglo-Norwegian occasion.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL OF PHYSICAL RECREATION.

THE SUPPRESSION OF "LA PRENSA" BY THE PERÓN GOVERNMENT.



FOUNDER OF THE DISTINGUISHED INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER *LA PRENSA*: JOSE CLEMENTE PAZ, WHO BEGAN EDITING *LA PRENSA* IN 1869.
Photograph by Courtesy of J. B. Powers Inc.



THE EDITORIAL OFFICES IN BUENOS AIRES OF THE SUPPRESSED NEWSPAPER: THE *LA PRENSA* BUILDING IN THE AVENIDA DE MAYO.
Photograph by Courtesy of J. B. Powers Inc.

A GREAT INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER—"LA PRENSA"— FORCED TO ITS KNEES.



THE PRINCIPAL PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF *LA PRENSA*: DR. ALBERTO GAINZA PAZ, WHO AVOIDED IMPRISONMENT BY ESCAPING TO URUGUAY.
Photograph by Jean Raeburn, N.Y.



PREVENTING *LA PRENSA* EMPLOYEES FROM ENTERING THE PRINTING WORKS: ARMED "PICKETS" (ARROWED) IN BUENOS AIRES. ONE WORKER WAS KILLED.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE *LA PRENSA* PRINTING WORKS: EMPLOYEES PASSING THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT. ALTHOUGH VIOLENCE BROKE OUT, THE POLICE DID NOT INTERFERE.



AT THE BEGINNING OF FIVE YEARS OF UNCEASING PRESSURE: PERÓN POSTERS IN BUENOS AIRES IN 1947 ASKING PEOPLE NOT TO ADVERTISE IN OR BUY *LA PRENSA*.
Photograph by Courtesy of J. B. Powers Inc.

The closure of *La Prensa*, the distinguished Argentine independent daily newspaper, after five years of unceasing pressure by the Argentine Government, has led to the most vigorous protests by the free Press of the world. On March 20, the Argentine Government, through a Congressional committee, seized control of *La Prensa*, which had not been published for nearly two months previously because of a boycott by the Government-sponsored News-vendors' Union. Five of the nine members of the special committee appointed by the Argentine Congress to "intervene" entered the main offices of the paper and took over. They were accompanied by uniformed police and two accountants, who took over the books and business files. The police turned out groups of



THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT TAKE OVER THE EDITORIAL CHAIR: DEPUTIES AND SENATORS OF THE JOINT COMMISSION APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT PERÓN TAKE CONTROL.

employees and sealed the premises. On March 21, the committee sentenced Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, the principal proprietor and editor, to immediate imprisonment for fifteen days on a charge of having drafted a document "offensive to Congress." Dr. Paz, however, successfully evaded the widespread Argentine police net, and arrived safely in Uruguay. The day after *La Prensa* was closed the employees reported for work, and one was killed by "pickets" and fifteen were injured. Two photographers of *Time-Life*, one British and the other American, who took photographs on the spot were arrested, kept in detention for thirty-six hours with only one meal, questioned fifteen times, and deprived of their negatives.

THE FIRST FRENCH PRESIDENT TO VISIT THE U.S.: M. AURIOL'S RECEPTION IN WASHINGTON.



THE FIRST FRENCH PRESIDENT TO VISIT THE U.S.: M. AURIOL (LEFT) RAISES HIS HAT TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY (WHICH FRANCE GAVE TO THE UNITED STATES); AND (RIGHT) SMILES WITH MME. AURIOL IN GREETING TO THE AMERICAN WELCOME WHICH MARKED THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE *ILE DE FRANCE*. AFTER LANDING AT NEW YORK, M. AURIOL AND HIS PARTY LEFT BY TRAIN FOR WASHINGTON.



M. AURIOL HONOURS LAFAYETTE—A PATRIOT SHARED BY FRANCE AND THE U.S.A.—BY PLACING A WREATH ON HIS STATUE IN WASHINGTON.



M. AURIOL IN WASHINGTON: THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, POINTING TO AN AIRCRAFT, WHILE WAITING TO DRIVE THROUGH WASHINGTON WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN, AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.



M. AURIOL KISSES THE FLAG OF THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AFTER PINNING ON IT THE LEGION OF HONOUR AND THE CROIX DE GUERRE. HE ALSO INSPECTED A BATTALION OF WEST POINT CADETS.



AT THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BUILDING IN WASHINGTON: M. AURIOL RECEIVES THE KEY OF THE CITY FROM THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, MR. J. RUSSELL YOUNG, AFTER THE PLAYING OF THE TWO NATIONAL ANTHEMS.



ON HIS ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON M. AURIOL, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT (RIGHT), WAS INTRODUCED BY PRESIDENT TRUMAN TO MRS. TRUMAN (LEFT). IN THE BACKGROUND ARE PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S NAVAL AND AIR FORCE AIDES.

On March 28 M. Auriol, the first French President to visit the United States, arrived at New York in the *Ile de France*. He was accompanied by Mme. Auriol, their son Paul, and a large party, including M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, M. Henri Bonnet, the French Ambassador to the U.S., and Mr. David E. Bruce, the U.S. Ambassador to France. As the ship moved up-harbour, a 21-gun salute was fired from Governor's Island. Soon after landing the President left by train for Washington, where he was greeted at the Union Station by President Truman. After a formal greeting and a salute of 21 guns, the two

Presidents drove to the District of Columbia building, where M. Auriol received the keys of the city. Before going to Blair House, M. Auriol and Mr. Truman inspected a parade of 5000 troops of all Services, including West Point cadets and a contingent from the U.S. Naval Academy. In the evening M. Auriol was entertained at a State dinner by the President at the Carlton Hotel, as the White House is still undergoing repair. M. Auriol's visit was to be for eleven days and its purpose was understood to be to persuade the States that France is a strong and steadfast ally against Communism.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED CIVIL GOVERNOR OF BARCELONA: GENERAL ACEDO (CENTRE) ADDRESSING A MEETING.

On March 17 General Felipe Acedo took over the Civil Governorship of Barcelona. He succeeded Dr. Baeza, who was removed from his post after a strike of 300,000 workers the previous week, which was accompanied by disturbances. General Acedo, who is fifty-four, is a member of the Supreme Council of Military Justice. A general strike expected in Barcelona on March 20 was called off.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PAUL T. CULLEN.

The former commander of Barksdale Field, near Shreveport, Louisiana, Brig.-General Cullen, U.S.A.F., was one of the fifty-three passengers in the American *Globemaster* which was missing early on Good Friday on a flight from Limestone, Maine, to Lakenheath, Suffolk. Wreckage, believed to be part of the *Globemaster*, was located.



PROFESSOR LILY NEWTON.

It was announced on March 26 that Professor Lily Newton, of the Department of Botany, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, would succeed Professor R. B. Forrester as Vice-Principal of the College when he retires this year. She will be the first woman to hold that office at Aberystwyth.



JACK GARDNER.

The British heavyweight champion, won the European championship by outpointing Joe Weidman, of Austria, over fifteen rounds at Earls Court Stadium on March 27. Jack Gardner, an ex-Guardsman, defeated Bruce Woodcock last November. Joe Weidman received a great acclamation for the sporting way he took his punishment.



ARRIVING AT LIVERPOOL: DR. KRATOCHVIL, FORMER CZECHOSLOVAK AMBASSADOR TO INDIA, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON. Dr. B. G. Kratochvil, former Czechoslovak Ambassador to India, arrived at Liverpool with his family on March 23 in the steamship *Jal Azad*. Dr. Kratochvil, who later left for London, said that his recall to Prague was couched in such terms that he realised he could not go. He said that he hoped to earn his living here and would continue to fight for a free Czechoslovakia.



WITH THE 37-LB. SALMON SHE LANDED ON MARCH 28: MRS. P. MALLABAR.

Mrs. P. Mallabar landed a 37-lb. salmon when fishing at Overton, Flintshire, on March 28. This fish, which is more than a third of the angler's own weight, is the largest rod-caught salmon to be taken from the River Dee since 1948. She played it for twenty-four minutes.



A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: ARCHDUKE OTTO OF HAPSBURG AND HIS FIANCEE, PRINCESS REGINA OF SAXE-MEININGEN, ON HIS ARM, WITH FRIENDS IN SEVILLE.

Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, who is to marry Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen, daughter of Prince George of Saxe-Meiningen and Hildburghausen, is the Pretender to the Austrian throne. He is the eldest son of [Continued opposite.]



AWARDED THE BRITANNIA TROPHY FOR 1950: MR. PHILIP WILLS (RIGHT) WITH LORD BRABAZON OF TARA AT THE ROYAL AERO CLUB. Lord Brabazon of Tara, President of the Royal Aero Club, presented the Britannia Trophy for 1950 to Mr. Philip Wills on March 28. Mr. Wills gained it by winning the British gliding championship for the fourth time. Lord Brabazon of Tara described Mr. Wills as "the greatest human bird we have ever produced."



LEAVING BELGIUM: THE FORMER GENERAL VON FALKENHAUSEN (IN HAT) AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON ON MARCH 28.

The former General von Falkenhausen, Military Governor of Belgium during the war, was released from prison on March 28, nineteen days after a Brussels military court had sentenced him to twelve years' imprisonment. Under Belgian law, time spent awaiting trial counts double. General Falkenhausen had been in custody for five-and-a-half years before being brought to trial.



SIR HAROLD BUTLER.

Died on March 26, aged sixty-seven. One of the founders and later director of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Sir Harold (who entered the Civil Service in 1907) was the first Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford (1939-43) and British Minister at Washington, 1942-46. His last book, "Confident Morning," appeared recently.



MR. W. ST. CLAIR HOWLAND ROBERTS.

To be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Holy See in succession to the late Sir Victor Perowne. He is fifty-seven and has been Minister in Bucharest since 1948. From 1945-48 he was Ambassador to Peru, and in 1939 he was Counsellor at Teheran.



DR. ABDUL HAMID ZANGANEH.

Died in hospital in Teheran on March 25 as the result of wounds received when he was shot on the steps of Teheran University on March 19. A former Persian Minister of Education, he was forty-six and had been the target of frequent Left Wing attacks and student demonstrations during the last two years.



DIRECTOR OF THE ARGENTINE ATOMIC ENERGY PLANT: PROFESSOR RICHTER (LEFT) WITH PRESIDENT PERÓN. General Perón claimed at a Press conference on March 25 that Argentina has discovered how to harness atomic energy cheaply without using uranium. He said that experiments had been carried out on Huemul Island, in Lake Nahuel Huapi, Northern Patagonia. The experiments were carried out by scientists working under Professor Richter, an Austrian-born scientist.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, POLITICS, SPORT AND A "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF NOTE IN THE WORLD'S NEWS TO-DAY.



ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP; G. B. SAUNDERS FIRST HOME. The English team of cross-country runners regained the International title on March 31 with 47 points. France, the previous holders, were second with 54. G. B. Saunders, holder of the Lancashire title, was first home over the nine miles in 54 mins. 7 secs., with Dr. Aaron, English National Champion, second.



PRINCESS MARGARET'S VISIT TO WALES: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WALKING IN CONWAY WITH ALDERMAN B. V. HUGHES, THE MAYOR. Princess Margaret on March 29 attended the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers at Llandudno, and received gifts of £61,770 for the Teachers' Benevolent and Orphan Fund. She also visited Conway, and Plas Mawr, H.Q. of the Royal Cambrian Academy, during this, her first tour of North Wales.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT: PRIVATE ROBERT FARGIE, WHOSE TEN-YEARS SENTENCE WAS NOT CONFIRMED. Lieut.-General Sir H. Robertson, C.-in-C. British Commonwealth Occupation Forces in Japan, refused to confirm the sentence of ten years' imprisonment imposed on Pte. R. Fargie, an R.A.S.C. driver, for shooting a Korean when on sentry duty at Taegu, and ordered no re-trial. Fargie returned to England by air on March 30.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHOSE SPEECH INTRODUCING THE BUDGET FOR THE FIRST YEAR OF THE REARMAMENT PROGRAMME IS DUE ON APRIL 10: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL.

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the youngest man to hold the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in this country for many years, is due to make his speech introducing the Budget for the first year of Britain's rearmament programme on April 10. He has to raise additional funds in order to meet the heavy costs of defence in the three-years plan and also—presumably—he may try to avoid measures likely to increase the present difficulties of the individual, with the consequent wage-claims. All this in face of the continued rise in the cost of living, due to higher costs, world shortages and devaluation repercussions. He was born in 1906, educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and was Reader in Political Economy, University of London, 1938, and Principal Private Secretary to the Minister of Economic Warfare, 1940-42. He has sat as Labour Member for South Leeds since 1945. He was formerly Minister of Fuel and Power.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT LIVERPOOL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING THE MILITARY GUARD OF HONOUR AFTER SHE HAD NAMED NEW BRIGHTON'S LATEST LIFEBOAT.

The Duchess of Kent visited Liverpool on March 29, and, as President of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, named New Brighton's latest lifeboat, *Norman B. Corlett*. It is a family memorial to a Liverpool solicitor. She also visited the Walker Art Gallery and fulfilled other engagements.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN MALTA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS DANCING WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND (RIGHT) REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM-POWLETT AND MRS. WILLIAM-POWLETT.

Princess Elizabeth, wearing a black tulle dress and diamond necklace and clips, danced a sixteensome reel at the garrison ball at the Phoenicia Hotel, Valetta, Malta, partnered by the Duke of Edinburgh. Rear-Admiral William-Powlett is Flag Officer (Destroyers) Mediterranean Fleet.

HALF A CENTURY IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

"A SAILOR'S ODYSSEY": The Autobiography of Admiral of the Fleet VISCOUNT CUNNINGHAM OF HYNDHOPE, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE word "Odyssey," of late years, has been rather fashionable in book-titles. It is not surprising that, once some autobiographical wanderer had thought of using the term, others should leap to follow his example, for the ingredients of phrases like "Memories of a Long Life," "Men and Women I Have Known," "Down the Years," "Things Seen," "My Recollections," "With Rod and Gun in Many

"Autobiography of an Admiral" to be enlivened by breezy anecdotes, and relieved by harmless escapades, and to quit the ocean wave occasionally for duck-shooting in the Macedonian marshes, or donkey-racing at Punta Arenas, that they will not find much of that sort of thing here. The book is a War Book, and mainly about the Second, or Hitler's, War.

Not entirely. The Admiral does occasionally notice, all too briefly, places and people which have interested him ashore; it is evident, also, that he likes fishing, though he tells us little as to what happened to Reel or Creel. And, in his earlier pages, he finds room for amusing and picturesque accounts of visits to odd spots, including Latvia and Dalmatia. Dalmatia includes the Island of Mljet, of which, he says, it is claimed by the inhabitants "to be the island on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, presumably because of verse 27, Chapter 27, in the Acts of the Apostles—" But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were being driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they

drew near to some country.' The Maltese, naturally, refuse to allow the claim." If the Maltese are still tenacious on that point, they deserve a bar to their George Cross. In Coleridge's "Table Talk," under date of August 18, 1832 (and the poet was for a year Secretary to the Governor of Malta), there occurs this passage: "The belief that Malta is the island on which St. Paul was wrecked is so rooted in the common Maltese, and is cherished with such a superstitious nationality, that the Government would run the chance of exciting a tumult, if it, or its representatives, unwarily ridiculed it. The

may say, no snakes at all; which, to be sure, the Maltese attribute to St. Paul's having cursed them all away. Melita in the Adriatic was a perfectly barbarous island as to its native population, and was, and is now, infested with serpents. Besides, the context shows that the scene is in the Adriatic." That digression suggests what might have happened to Lord Cunningham's book had he chosen to pause at every point of interest in his career: he has seen many seas, lands and men, and might never have



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET VISCOUNT CUNNINGHAM OF HYNDHOPE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham was born in 1883, and educated at Edinburgh Academy; Stubbington House, Fareham; and H.M.S. *Britannia*. He entered the Royal Navy in 1898, and served in World War I, when he earned a triple D.S.O. In World War II, he was C-in-C. Mediterranean, 1939-42; Naval C-in-C. Expeditionary Force, North Africa, 1942; C-in-C. Mediterranean, 1943; First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, 1943-46.



REAR-ADMIRAL VIAN'S ACTION WITH THE ITALIAN FLEET, MARCH 22, 1942: ITALIAN SALVOES FALLING.

Lands," "Days Afloat and Ashore" have been permitted to exhaustion. To some volumes of reminiscences "Odyssey" is more suitable than to others: the word, to those familiar with the original, certainly connotes prolonged seafaring, but it does also suggest a variety of strange adventures ashore, and concentration on the personal experiences of one man.

Herein it is not applicable to Lord Cunningham's book. Had he sailed by the Sirens they would have had no lure for him, though they would, in a laconic manner, have been recorded in a log, and even crept into a one-line paragraph of a Report of Ship's Proceedings to Their Lordships. Calypso would not have detained him, although H.M. ships have been named after her; and one cannot conceive him as lying for long

Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine
Where that Æean isle forgets the main.

And, had he been constrained to call upon Alcinoüs, he might (having a taste that way) have approved the monarch's skill in horticulture, and noted that the ladies of the Court seemed to play a sort of native fives; but he certainly wouldn't have kept his host awake with a string of improbable stories and, as for the hospitality, he makes it very clear that, in his opinion, the entertainment of visiting warships by kindly foreigners is fatiguing and overdone. His own experiences, apart from the professional ones, do not greatly detain his attention, and operations concern him more than personalities. In a few regards he has something in common with "that talkative bald-headed seaman" Odysseus: he operated mainly in the Mediterranean, and when he at last struck soundings at his own Ithaca, he also, as a photograph bears witness, found a dog to welcome him—and in better circumstances than poor old Argus, with his dunghill and his feebly-wagging tail. But I think that if Homer had to be brought in at all, it might more suitably have been the Homer of the *Iliad* than the Homer of the *Odyssey*. That Homer was a more impersonal and objective narrator; all his tale was shadowed by the cloud of a long war; and he felt it an obligation to produce a full catalogue of ships. He and Lord Cunningham, in that respect, are two of a kind. Lord Cunningham has a separate Index for his Catalogue of Ships, which number hundreds, all with references to pages where the names of their commanders are to be found: they range from Battle-ships to Hospital Ships, of which last there are (a pleasant Footnote to Progress) six, all bombed, and two bombed and sunk. None of this is by way of complaint; it is merely by way of description. The book, with its 700 pages of close print, held my attention throughout: never, for a moment, as I read, did my wits wander, however crowded the pages with names of men and ships. For, though some pages may read like pages from despatches and laconic diaries, the tenseness of action, and of hard thought behind action, knits all together. I do but indicate to those who expect the



THE ORDEAL OF ILLUSTRIOUS, JANUARY 10, 1941.

"At times she became almost completely hidden in a forest of great bomb splashes. . . . In all, in something like ten minutes, she was hit by six 1000-lb. bombs, to leave the line badly on fire, her steering gear crippled, her lifts out of action, and with heavy casualties."



JULY, 1943: LANDING CRAFT UNDER REPAIR IN THE BADLY DAMAGED DOCKYARD AT MALTA.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A Sailor's Odyssey"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Hutchinson and Co., Ltd.

supposition itself is quite absurd. Not to argue the matter at length, consider these few conclusive facts: The narrative speaks of the 'barbarous people,' and 'barbarians' of the island. Now, our Malta was at that time fully peopled and highly civilised, as we may surely infer from Cicero and other writers. A viper comes out from the sticks upon the fire being lighted: the men are not surprised at the appearance of the snake, but imagine first a murderer, and then a god from the harmless attack. Now in our Malta there are, I

got to the war. And the war, with years of peace-service and a former war (he was in the Dardanelles) as Prelude, is his theme. He commanded in the Mediterranean, and we have here a full history of the sea-war in the Mediterranean, the land war, so far as it was linked with the Navy, and those political negotiations at which, owing to his position, he was present, the persons he encountered ranging from Darlan to Stalin. Very clear accounts are given of fights like Matapan; of disasters like the sinking of the *Barham*; of complications like those we had with the bewildered French. We are privy to every sort of crisis, shortage and appeal: the Admiral, especially with regard to air-support, fought tooth and nail for everything he needed, though, alas, there was never, until near the end, enough butter to go on the bread. He does not go beyond his province into politics, except where they had a direct impact upon his functions. He does not shrink from hinting at mistakes in Whitehall or Downing Street, but he gives full credit for their achievements to those from whom he has perforce had to differ. He has himself in command, as he has himself as an author, fully under control: William the Silent's motto: "*Saevis tranquillius in undis*," might be his, and no resentment against the enemy prevents him paying tribute, when it is due, to enemy gallantry, especially that of various Italians.

There is, in fact, about the temper of his book (I am not referring to its historical stature, for it is a document to serve historians rather than a history) something of that of Thucydides, who was also an Admiral, though he got a much rawer deal from his Government than Lord Cunningham. The facts are stated; they are stated impartially; there is little overt comment on the part of the author; but we are left in no doubt as to the author's judgments and frame of mind. If I have said no more about the course and conduct of the Naval War, it is simply because the material here presented is too immense.

In future editions detailed chapter headings would be welcomed; and also, if possible, marginal dates.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 550 of this issue.

NEWS FROM KOREA: THE ADVANTAGE OF U.N. AIR SUPREMACY, A CANADIAN BIRTHDAY.



AS SEEN FROM A U.S. RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT: AN ENEMY SUPPLY DUMP AT MUNCHON, NORTH-EAST KOREA, COVERED WITH SNOW, YET VISIBLE FROM THE AIR. (SEE BELOW.)



OBLITERATED BY SMOKE, FLAMES AND FLYING DÉBRIS: THE COMMUNIST SUPPLY DUMP AT MUNCHON (SEE ABOVE) ATTACKED BY B-29 SUPERFORTRESSES ON "INFORMATION RECEIVED."



AFTER THE BOMBING RAID: BLACKENED EARTH AND CRATERS COVER 80 PER CENT. OF THE AREA OF THE MUNCHON SUPPLY DUMP. (SEE ALSO PHOTOGRAPHS ABOVE.)



CELEBRATING THE REGIMENT'S BIRTHDAY IN KOREA: MEN OF PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY DRAWN UP IN HOLLOW SQUARE FOR AN ADDRESS.



RECORDED BY A RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT FOR SUBSEQUENT ACTION BY B-29 BOMBERS: A GROUP OF COMMUNIST BARRACKS NEAR HUNGNAM, NORTH-EAST KOREA.



CAPTURED COMMUNIST FIELD ARTILLERY: U.S. TROOPS EXAMINING A RUSSIAN 75-MM. GUN, BEARING THE DATE 1936, ON THE CENTRAL FRONT IN KOREA.

THE series of three photographs on the left side of this page are especially interesting in that they show how the U.S. Far East Air Force Bomber Command is supporting the troops on the ground by striking at enemy supply depôts far behind the front line. A reconnaissance aircraft photographs suspicious-looking installations, and at the base the photographs are interpreted by experts. If it is established that the photographs do indeed show a target worth attacking, B-29 Superfortresses, loaded with tons of bombs, are sent to the area, which is blanketed with high explosive. When the smoke clears away, new photographs are taken of the area and from these the damage inflicted can be assessed. Communications are disrupted by similar strikes at rail centres and strategic highways. On the right side of the page we show a reconnaissance photograph taken of a group of Communist barracks, which no doubt also received a visit from B-29s. Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry recently celebrated the birthday of the Regiment in Korea, where they have been in the thick of the fighting.



LEAVING NOTHING TO CHANCE: A LAST REHEARSAL OF THE BIG PARACHUTE OPERATION WITH WHICH GENERAL RIDGWAY BROKE THE COMMUNIST DEFENCES BETWEEN SEOUL AND THE IMJIN RIVER.

On the facing page we show photographs of the massive Good Friday parachute drop with which General Ridgway surprised the Communist forces between Seoul and the 38th Parallel. This drop was made with clockwork precision, but as our photographs above show, nothing was left to chance, and, a few days before, a full-scale rehearsal was staged by the men of the 187th Airborne Division and the aircraft of the 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo).

Our upper photograph shows parachutists baling out of the C-119 *Flying Boxcars*; and the lower, the first down reaching earth in the "target area" behind the U.N. lines. The Fairchild C-119 *Packet* or *Flying Boxcar* is a version of an earlier design and first flew in 1947. Its normal seating capacity is forty-two, but it can carry, in an emergency such as an evacuation, up to seventy-eight men. It is also used for cargo or ambulance work.

THE GOOD FRIDAY PARACHUTE OPERATION WHICH NEUTRALISED COMMUNIST DEFENCES NEAR SEOUL.



(ABOVE.) THE OPENING OF THE AMERICAN PARACHUTE OPERATION WHICH BROKE THE COMMUNIST DEFENCES NORTH OF SEOUL: PARACHUTE TROOPS DROP OVER BUILDINGS BURNING AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

ON Good Friday (March 23) several thousand American parachute troops, with artillery and vehicles, were dropped into the Imjin River valley, near Munsan, about 20 miles north-west of Seoul in an attempt to cut off the main Chinese escape route to North Korea. Simultaneously three United Nations land columns pushed forward, and one of these, an American-British force, soon joined up with the parachute forces. The operation took place "with no appreciable losses" and surprised the enemy, but it is believed that Chinese forces had already withdrawn and only North Korean forces were trapped. The action, in any case, rendered futile the Communist defensive works north of Seoul. Within half-an-hour of the landing Lieut.-General Ridgway, the commander of the Eighth Army, flew into the area in a small liaison aircraft and talked with the parachute commanders for some time.

(RIGHT.) A MASSIVE AND SUCCESSFUL OPERATION "WITH NO APPRECIABLE LOSSES": THE 187 REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM LANDING AT MUNSAN.



MEN AND EQUIPMENT "SPILLING OUT" FROM U.S. FLYING BOXCARS IN THE OPERATION WHICH LANDED SEVERAL THOUSAND TROOPS BESIDE THE IMJIN RIVER.



LOADING A JEEP AND TRAILER INTO A FLYING BOXCAR FOR THE MUNSAN DROP ON GOOD FRIDAY. 105-MM. HOWITZERS WERE ALSO DROPPED.



WITHIN HALF-AN-HOUR OF THE COMPLETION OF THE MUNSAN DROP GENERAL RIDGWAY FLEW INTO THE PERIMETER IN HIS LIAISON AIRCRAFT, AND IS SHOWN HERE ABOUT TO START.

LAST month the War Office issued some information about the Soviet Army. The notes began with the remark that the Government of the U.S.S.R. took "deliberate and thorough measures" to prevent information about the Army reaching the Western nations. It was therefore not possible to guarantee the complete accuracy of all that now issued and, in any case, this was confined to what it was desirable from the point of view of security to publish at present. Such a qualification generally means that the general public will be more or less satisfied with what it finds and may not even realise that there can be much more, whereas the student of military affairs is likely to be tantalised by coming up against a barred gate when he is walking along a path which he knows must lead to particularly interesting information. For example, when he hears of tank, mechanised and rifle divisions, he would be glad to know something about their composition, armament, and perhaps, above all, transport. Are Soviet divisions bigger than they were at the end of the Second World War, when their strength had fallen to about half that of ours? To what extent has mechanisation increased? Many other questions of this type will occur to those who are used to the material on which an estimation of the military value of an army is commonly based.

We learn, to begin with, that the armed forces of the U.S.S.R. number four millions, of which 2.8 millions serve in the Army. (At the very start a question arises. There is left 1.2 million for all the other Services, and these include not only the Navy and Air Force, but also the troops of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, known as MVD, and the Ministry of State Security, known as MGB. We believe the numbers of the two latter to be very considerable, and it does not look as though a very high figure could be left for the Navy and Air Force combined. We should like to know what priority the prevention of revolution, which is the task of the MGB, gets by comparison with preparations for submarine warfare or strategic bombing.)

Next we learn that the Red Army is divided into 175 divisions, not counting artillery and anti-aircraft divisions, and that they are organised in mechanised armies and rifle armies. The rôle of the former is to exploit breaches made by the rifle armies and to descend upon the enemy's communications. Good, so far as it goes, but one wants to hold up one's hand like a schoolboy and ask why mechanised armies, with their two mechanised divisions, cannot on occasion make breaches for themselves.

A genuinely valuable point does, however, emerge here. If 2,800,000, the strength of the Army, be divided by 175, the number of divisions, the result is 16,000. If the division were of the strength of one of a Western nation, then there would be in the Red Army no higher staffs, no corps and army troops, no railway troops and rear services, no anti-aircraft defence, which is, of course, absurd. Even supposing that the division's establishment is on an average only half that of one of our own—and it is probably rather more—it is clear that the Russians make their troops go much farther than we do. This is true now, and we may draw a charitable veil over our affairs two or three years ago. We could doubtless not hope to rival the Russian economy in administrative troops—those concerned with records provide a good example of the difference in approach to such problems—but, as I wrote last week, one of the greatest dangers in this country, in both civil and military affairs, is that of wastage due to the effort to meet all eventualities. No organisation can afford to be strong enough to meet a rush of work once a month while carrying half-idle hands for the rest of that period.

As regards equipment, the report is brief and even more guarded than elsewhere. It tells us that this is "simple, robust and reliable" and that it includes very large numbers of excellent tanks and artillery weapons. There we may say that a good deal more information than this is common property. As for the soldier's working day from 7 a.m. to 11.45 p.m., with less than two hours' free time, that calculation is admittedly based on observation of occupying forces. The explanation may be that in such forces it is considered desirable to give the soldier no time to look about him and that in garrison at home he would be allowed more leisure. All deserters report that the rank and file of occupying forces are normally confined to barracks except when on duty, and that this is done in order to prevent comparisons between standards of living which would make the men dissatisfied. In such a case the wisest course would be to keep them busy. Yet the time is not all spent in training. A great deal of it is devoted to propaganda or indoctrination.

Another notable feature is the high pay and privileges accorded to officers by comparison with the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. NOTES ON THE RED ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

rank and file. In the war, when a few fairly reliable Russian sources of information were open, it became known that the Government had deliberately set itself to raise the prestige and authority of the Russian officer. This might have been a war measure only, but it appears that the state of affairs remains unaltered. On the basis of the official exchange rate, Russian officers appear to be paid a great deal more, and private soldiers very much less, than their British equivalents. It is stated that the pay is good by comparison with wages and salaries in civil life; here,



"THE MOST POTENT FACTOR IN THE DESTINY OF THE MODERN WORLD": RUSSIAN INFANTRY MARCHING PAST IN A CEREMONIAL PARADE HELD IN MOSCOW.



BRAVE, STUBBORN AND PHYSICALLY TOUGH, FRUGAL AND USED TO "FORAGING FOR THEMSELVES": SOVIET INFANTRY PARADING IN MOSCOW.

In the article on this page Captain Falls discusses some notes on the Soviet Army recently issued by the War Office. Characteristics of the Russian soldier are given as "brave, stubborn and physically tough... a natural aptitude for fieldcraft... frugal and used to 'foraging for themselves'... all ranks, however, have a lower average educational standard than their 'opposite numbers' in Western armies... many junior commanders and almost all the rank and file lack initiative, partly because fear of the consequences of failure makes them abide by the letter, rather than the spirit, of orders."

also, the official exchange rate, which may not altogether represent realities, is used. Again, while officers in occupied Europe obtain leave at home once a year, the rank and file are said to do so only theoretically, and to be fortunate if they are sent home only once in their service, which is often three years for the private soldier. But one may ask whether he normally does his full three years in an army of occupation. Troops below the accepted standard in military or political training are not granted leave.

It may be accepted that all authoritarian States must employ what is called an "informer-network."

Even the freest countries obtain information about the troops, such as their moral, spirit and relations with the civil population, in time of war, through the postal censorship. In the Soviet Forces it is stated that there exist two networks. The first, organised by the Communist Party and the Young Communist Organisation, is overt and is controlled in each unit by a Deputy

Commander for Political Affairs, the old Commissar of the Red Army and indeed of the Army of revolutionary France over a century and a half ago. The modern Commissar is no longer given the right of veto over the orders of the military commander, but he still exercises power over him, because he has in his hands the weapon of denunciation for political unreliability. The other network is that of the Ministry of State Security, and is entirely hidden. It spies on the whole body of troops, including the men of the other network. All that need be said of this organisation is that it is an instrument

of strength but also a sign of inherent weakness. It serves to prevent a breakdown of loyalty, but is proof that if a breakdown were to occur it would almost certainly be catastrophic.

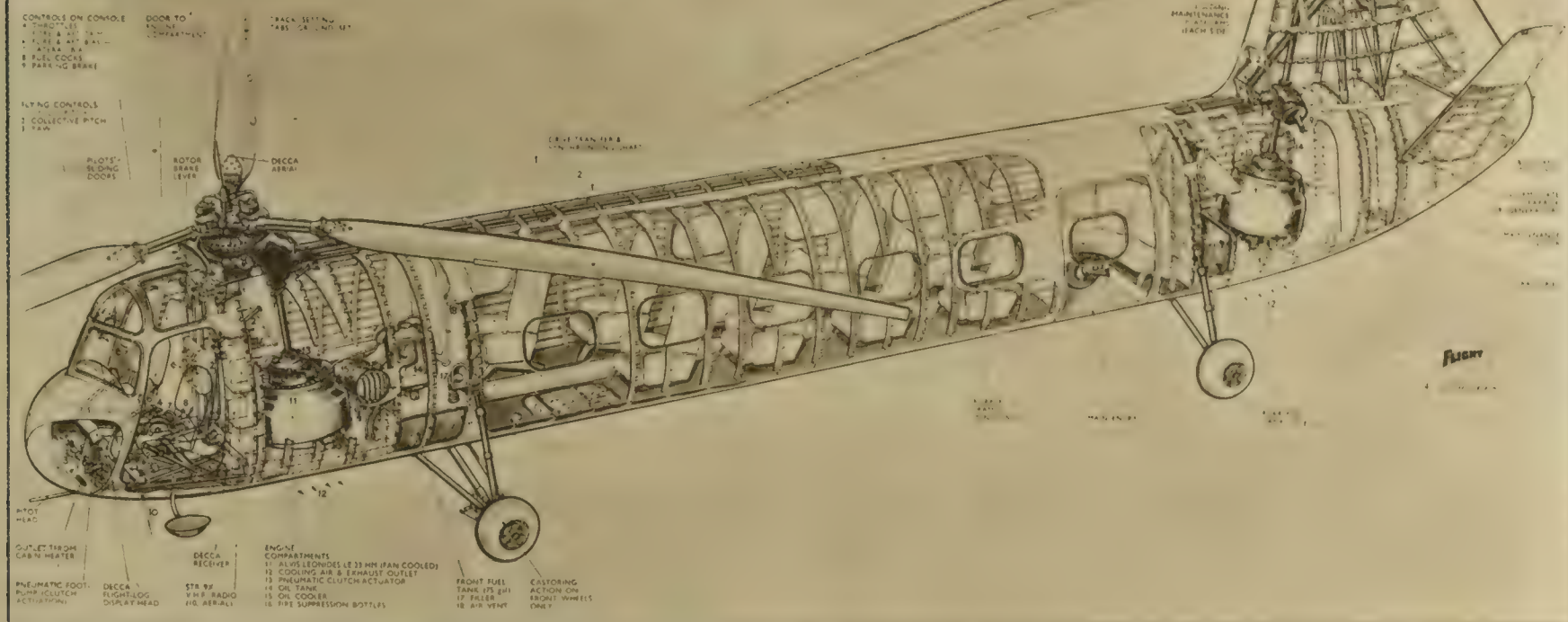
It was learnt during the war that a large proportion of the recruits for the Red Army came from the land. We are now told that this is still the case. Great advantages are derived from drawing troops from agricultural communities, especially in a country where climate is extreme and life is hard. The Russian soldier is frugal, hardy and enduring, little affected by exposure or short rations. He possesses a natural eye for country, a virtue which has to be painfully instilled into even highly intelligent townsmen. Yet there is a big entry on the debit side too. The average level of education is lower than in Western armies. Perhaps it would be so anyhow, but under the Russian system there is a tendency for the best-educated men to serve in the Air Force, Navy, or paramilitary police forces, or even to be reserved for industry. It is also asserted that fear of the consequences of error robs junior commanders of initiative. This is strikingly different from German conditions, under which officers were

seldom penalised for doing something in error, but very frequently removed from their posts for doing nothing. The only serious crime was inaction.

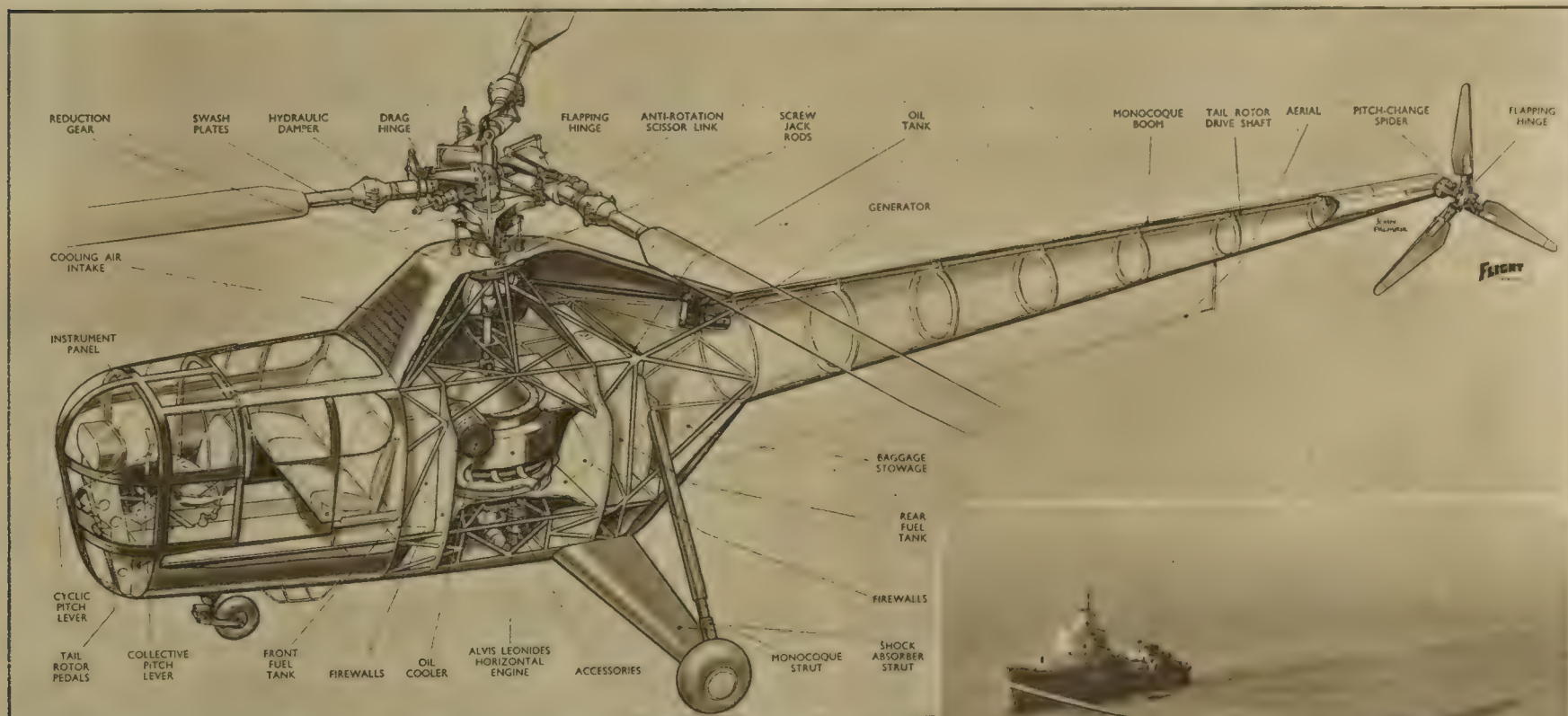
The above is the substance of the information issued. In order to provide a full estimate of the strength of Soviet Russia it would have to be collated in the first instance with similar particulars about the Air Force and Navy. As I have pointed out, however, even where the Army alone is concerned there are too many obscurities for it to be possible to base a reliable appreciation upon these items. This is not to say that the report does not possess value. The picture is one of an extremely formidable fighting force armed with effective and reliable modern weapons, primitive in some respects, but possessing all the advantages of the primitive—in fact, one can be more assured about the advantages than about the disadvantages. The numbers of men in the fighting forces as a whole and in the Army in particular cannot be called excessive in relation to the population. The number of divisions under arms is excessive. If these divisions are all as well equipped as we know the best to be, which appears to be doubtful, then they represent a strain on the national economy which is itself sinister, because it is one which no nation would be expected to endure except in the belief that the force which it represented would shortly be used for war.

If, then, the War Office report leaves unanswered many of our questions, it also leaves unrelieved many of our anxieties. The Red Army is something unique. There is no other to be compared with it in strength, and in modern times there has been none in so dominating a position. Even in the days of Austria, Eckmühl, Wagram and Borodino the Austrian and Russian Empires, in the first case in combination, in the other three individually, could put into the field armies at least equal in numerical strength to those of the French under Napoleon. Some of the Red Army's material may lack the finish of our own; methods of communication and other technical adjuncts of warfare may not have been brought to quite so high a degree of perfection. These are niceties, useful but not indispensable. The Red Army has got all the necessities, in sound, strong and simple types, and in vast quantities. Behind the four million men in the forces stand perhaps double as many in reserve—the exact figure does not matter, since it is greater than Russia or any other nation could in fact equip and maintain in the field, but a large proportion of those immediately available are partly trained. Whatever be the intention behind the maintenance of so vast and massive a force, it is not astonishing that it should have created the anxiety which has spread all over Europe or that it should have become the most potent factor in the destiny of the modern world.

THE HELICOPTER IN BRITAIN: VERSATILE TYPES
OF TO-DAY AND THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.



A BRITISH THIRTEEN-SEATER, TWO-ROTOR HELICOPTER, WHICH IS EXPECTED TO BEGIN FLIGHT TRIALS SHORTLY: THE BRISTOL TYPE 173, SHOWN IN A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING AND (INSET, TOP LEFT) IN AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE AIRCRAFT HOVERING OVER A HELICOPTER AIRPORT.



THE NOW WELL-KNOWN WESTLAND SIKORSKY S-51 SINGLE-ROTOR HELICOPTER, SHOWN DIAGRAMMATICALLY AND (INSET, RIGHT) IN FLIGHT DURING R.N. RESCUE TRIALS. THIS AIRCRAFT HAS ALREADY PROVED ITS WORTH IN POSTAL, PASSENGER AND VARIOUS SERVICES EMPLOYMENTS.

WE show on this page two helicopters; one of which has already widely demonstrated, in this country and elsewhere, the amazingly various uses to which this type of aircraft can be put; and one which is shortly to begin its flight trials and which may well point the future development of helicopters. Since 1947 the U.S. Sikorsky S-51 has been manufactured in this country under licence by Westland Aircraft, Ltd., and has been known as the Westland Sikorsky S-51, and has been powered with a British Alvis *Leonides* engine. It has been successfully employed in many ways—as a mail carrier in East Anglia, for crop-dusting and for the world's first daily helicopter passenger service (between Cardiff and Liverpool); and two forms of it have been developed for the services, the R.A.F. version being known as the *Dragonfly* HC Mk. 2, the Naval version being the *Dragonfly* HR Mk. 1. The R.A.F. *Dragonfly* has done wonders in Malaya, in delivering supplies and transporting wounded in the jungle, while the Navy are using their version for communications, special photography and air-sea rescue. The Bristol *Type 173* helicopter, however, is a much bigger affair. It has two rotors, with separate Alvis *Leonides* motors, and it will be able, if necessary, to fly on only one of its power units. It is designed primarily as a medium or short-range transport for thirteen passengers and luggage, with a variety of possible military uses. It can also be readily converted to a freighter carrying 2500 lb. of cargo or can be used as a "crane," lifting still greater weights over very short distances by slinging them from an external beam below the fuselage. The four-wheel carriage permits level loading.

Diagrammatic drawings reproduced by courtesy of "FLIGHT."



HOMES OF CELEBRATED HEROES OF ROMANCE: AS MODERN FRENCH EXPERTS IMAGINE THEM.



"MANON LESCAUT'S" ROOM IN THE VILLAGE OF CHAILLOT; THE HEROINE OF ABBÉ PRÉVOST'S NOVEL HAS A SALON WITH LOUIS XV. FURNITURE, AND AN AUBUSSON CARPET. SUPPER FOR TWO IS SET ON A CARD-TABLE, THE PLATES, DISH AND CHOCOLATE-POT IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER.



THE "DUCHESS SANSEVERINA'S" BEDROOM: THE HEROINE OF STENDHAL'S NOVEL, "LA CHARTREUSE DE PARME," HAS ITALIAN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTED FURNITURE, AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AUBUSSON CARPET AND A VENETIAN LOUIS XVI. CHANDELIER IN HER LUXURIOUS ROOM.



THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF "MONSIEUR DE TRÉVILLE," CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S MUSKETEERS IN DUMAS' "THE THREE MUSKETEERS." IT CONTAINS WEAPONS OF THE PERIOD, CHAIRS UPHOLSTERED WITH PETIT-POINT AND A PAINTING BY SIMON VOUET (1590-1649).



THE CABINET OF COUNT CAGLIOSTRO (JOSEPH BALSAMO, 1743-1795), THE ITALIAN CHARLATAN AND "MAGICIAN" WHO ENJOYED SUCCESS AND WAS INVOLVED IN SCANDAL AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI. HIS LIFE INSPIRED DUMAS PÈRE IN "JOSEPH BALSAMO."

What sort of a room would your favourite character in fiction have inhabited? Some novelists, like Balzac and Arnold Bennett, describe with photographic exactitude the homes of their heroes; others allow readers to exercise their imagination. In Paris, "Homes of Heroes of Romance" was the theme for a series of period rooms shown at the twelfth exhibition of Le Syndicat National des Antiquaires. On this and the facing page we reproduce a selection of these rooms arranged by well-known Parisian antique dealers. Some are attributed to characters in fiction, others to historic personages whose lives have inspired



"TIMOTHY FORSYTE'S" LITTLE SALON: THIS ROOM, BELONGING TO ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE OLDER GENERATION OF THE FORSYTE CLAN, IS DESCRIBED BY GALSWORTHY IN "THE MAN OF PROPERTY." IT CONTAINS REGENCY PIECES AND COMFORTABLE CHAIRS.

novelists. "Manon Lescaut" is the heroine of Abbé Prévost's novel, and of Massenet's opera, "Manon." Joseph Balsamo (1743-95), called Cagliostro, the Italian charlatan, was concerned in the scandal of "The Queen's Necklace." "Joseph Balsamo" and "Le Collier de la Reine" are two of Dumas' novels. The Duchesse Sanseverina is the heroine of Stendhal's celebrated novel, "La Chartreuse de Parme"; and everyone familiar with the Forsyte Saga will recall the description of Timothy's little salon in "The Man of Property," first volume of the series. [Photographs by R. Gauthier.]

ROOMS WHERE CHARACTERS OF FICTION AND MYSTERY MIGHT HAVE TROD.



(ABOVE.) THE WRITING-ROOM OF "MME. DE MERTEUIL": THE VILLAINESS OF CHODERLOS DE LACLOS'S "LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES" HAS LOUIS XVI. FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED IN GREEN VELVET. A WIG STANDS BY HER DRESSING TABLE.



(ABOVE.) THE SALON OF MARGUERITE GAUTIER, HEROINE OF "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS," FAMOUS NOVEL BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS "FILS," AND OF VERDI'S OPERA, "LA TRAVIATA": WITH FRENCH Restoration FURNITURE IN MAPLE.

THE period rooms in the exhibition, "Homes of Heroes of Romance," arranged in Paris by the Syndicat National des Antiquaires at the Salon des Arts Ménagers, included surroundings devised for such widely contrasted characters in fiction as Mme. de Merteuil, odious schemer of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," and Marguerite Gautier, appealing heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias," by Alexandre Dumas fils. The real-life

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) THE PRISON OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL HELD FOR OVER FORTY YEARS AS A STATE PRISONER BY LOUIS XIV., WHO WAS THE SUBJECT OF MANY BOOKS. HIS CELL HAS RICH FURNISHINGS. NOTE THE MASK BY THE CHAIR.



[Continued.] characters for whom settings were devised included the mysterious Man in the Iron Mask, prisoner of Louis XIV., whose strange fate has inspired many romances. His cell is represented as combining harshness with Royal luxury. The Chevalier (or Chevalière) de Beaumont d'Eon is another character whose secrets have never been fully probed. He appeared at the Russian Court as a woman, fought as a man, and visited England, where he received a pension from George III. Adrienne Lecouvreur's life was the subject of a tragedy by Eugène Scribe and Legouvé (1849).

Photographs by R. Gauthier.



THE SALON OF THE CHEVALIER (OR CHEVALIÈRE) DE BEAUMONT D'EON (1728-1810), MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL WHO APPEARED AT THE RUSSIAN COURT AS A WOMAN, AND FOUGHT AS A MAN IN THE FRENCH ARMY. "HIS" FURNITURE IS OF THE LOUIS XV. PERIOD.



THE SALON OF ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR (1692-1730), WHO WAS LONG QUEEN OF THE TRAGIC STAGE IN FRANCE. HER FURNITURE IS SELECTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH "LETTRES ET COURONNE POÉTIQUE D'ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR," BY G. NONVAL.



ENJOYING THE FULL TITLE AND DIGNITY OF A CITY, NOW CONFERRED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING: CAMBRIDGE FROM THE AIR, LOOKING NORTH UP TRUMPINGTON STREET TOWARDS KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

On March 24 the Borough of Cambridge attained the full title and dignity of a city—some 800 years after its great fellow, Oxford—when the Home Office announced that the King, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, had conferred that dignity and title on the borough. This announcement was made one week after a special meeting of the Cambridge Council, at which it was decided to petition his Majesty

"to grant the borough the title of a city." Cambridge is, of course, a very old town, though the Roman *Camboritum* and the Saxon *Grantebrycg* stood on the other bank of the Cam—where now are the Backs. It grew in Norman times, and received a borough charter from King John in 1201, the first stimulus to its growth coming from the foundation of the Augustinian Priory of Barnwell about 1112, its second

coming from the growth of the University, whose first Chancellor was elected about 1246, and whose first Congregation met in 1275. Our recently taken aerial photograph shows the heart of the city and University. On the extreme left is the Cam, lying between so many famous Colleges and their Backs; on the right is Trumpington Street, swinging between the twin masses of the Fitzwilliam Museum (centre,

foreground, on the left of the street) and Addenbrooke's Hospital. Thence it advances between Peterhouse (on the left) and Pembroke College, then between St. Catharine's and Corpus Christi and, becoming King's Parade, passes, on its left the fronts of King's (whose majestic Chapel can be clearly seen), the University Library, Calus, Trinity and St. John's Colleges.

STILLNESS, ANIMATION, LIGHT AND SHADE IN PAKISTANI PHOTOGRAPHS.



"THE DANCER"; BY AFTAB AHMED, OF KARACHI. A GRACEFUL STUDY OF A PAKISTANI GIRL, ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.

ON this and the facing page we give reproductions of photographs by Pakistani amateurs which are now on view at the London galleries of the Royal Photographic Society, 16, Princes Gate. A collection of some 200 examples of the work of members of the Photographic Society of Pakistan is being shown in a special joint exhibition arranged by the Royal Photographic Society at which work by the Pictorial Group of the Society is also shown. The Pakistani photographs include admirable compositions, with strong national character, and both the beauty of a solemn stillness and the value of animation from the point of view of the camera artist have been exploited by the same exhibitor in works reproduced on this page. The Pakistan Society is young in years, but has its own publication, "The Pak Photographer." At the beginning of 1950, the Governor-General of Pakistan, H.E. Alhaj Khwaja Nazimuddin, consented to become its Patron-in-Chief. The Pictorial Group of the Royal Photographic Society, whose work is also on view, has a membership of nearly a thousand.



"LADY BEHIND THE CHIK"; BY HAMID JALAL, OF LAHORE. A COMPOSITION IN WHICH USE IS MADE OF LIGHT FILTERING THROUGH SLATS.



"DEVOTION"; BY AFTAB AHMED, OF KARACHI. A STUDY INSPIRED BY THE BEAUTY OF SOLEMN STILLNESS ON VIEW AT THE CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"THE NEW NECKLACE"; BY AFTAB AHMED, OF KARACHI. UNAFFECTED DELIGHT OVER A NEW ORNAMENT IS CHARMINGLY EXPRESSED.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN PAKISTAN: FINE WORK IN A LONDON SHOW.



"SAND AND WIND"; BY MISS GHUFURAN NASREEN, OF KARACHI. A POETIC COMPOSITION BY A PAKISTANI AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.

ENTHUSIASM for the art of photography is world-wide, and much interest will be roused by the exhibition arranged by the Photographic Society of Pakistan and the Pictorial Group of the Royal Photographic Society, at which the work of British and Pakistani amateurs is displayed in a special joint exhibition arranged by the Royal Photographic Society at 16, Princes Gate, as part of its contribution to the Festival of Britain. The High Commissioner for Pakistan arranged to open the exhibition on April 3, and it will continue until April 28. The Pakistan Society was formed in 1948, and held its first Salon in March, 1949. Before the collection for the London exhibition left Pakistan, a preview was held in Karachi. On the occasion of the opening, speeches were made by the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan and by Mr. Wasim-ud-din, founder and hon. sec.

"MOURNING"; BY AKHLAQ ARMAD, OF KARACHI. A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE IN WHICH THE SCREEN OF WEeping WILLOW HALF-VEILING THE MARBLE MAUSOLEUM SYMBOLISES HUMAN GRIEF OVER DEATH AND PARTING.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

TREES AND SHRUBS FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN-II.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

ONE of the very best of all dwarf conifers for the rock-garden is *Picea albertiana conica*. In effect it is a stunted Christmas-tree, which

builds itself very, very slowly into a dense sugar-loaf of fine, light-green foliage. It can, and does, in the course of years, reach a height of 4 or 5 ft., and at that might be out of scale with a small rock-garden. But this is worth risking. By the time the dwarfed

few specimens of her father's willow, a veteran standing 2 ft. tall. *Salix boydii* has always been a very rare plant, and is likely to remain rare. It strikes readily enough from cuttings, but cuttings are few, and absurdly small, and it takes years to produce an appreciable specimen. Then, too, it requires a slightly mad type of connoisseurship to value and appreciate this absurd, small tree.

Greatly to my regret, I have never gardened on a soil which rhododendrons and azaleas would tolerate,

so that I know very little about them. The two species *R. hirsutum* and *R. ferrugineum* of the European Alps associate well—as one would expect—with Alpine plants in the rock-garden, and *R. ferrugineum* is tolerant of lime. As to the innumerable dwarf rhododendrons, from the Far East, the choice of species for the rock-garden must remain a matter of taste. Some of the more brilliant among them, the Kurume azaleas, for instance, are perhaps a shade too brilliant, too exotic-looking. But

some of the dwarfs with purple and violet flowers, such as *R. fastigiatum*, can look quite in the European Alpine picture.

The shrubby potentillas, variants on the *P. fruticosa* theme, are invaluable rock-garden shrubs. *Potentilla fruticosa* itself is a rare British native, growing a foot or two tall, with fine, golden, strawberry-like flowers. But there are a number of shrubby species and varieties from the Far East which are even more beautiful.

Seldom exceeding 2, or perhaps 3, ft. some are erect-growing, and a few prostrate, with splendid gold, sulphur or snow-white blossoms. They have the virtue of a very long summer flowering season, and are as easy to grow as privet.

Erinacea anthyllis (formerly *pungens*), from the mountains of Spain, is one of the best of all rock-garden shrubs. A very slow grower, it forms a dense dome of grey stems, leaves and spines. The spines are stiff and needle-sharp. The flowers sit stemless amid the spines, looking exactly like soft lavender-blue gorse blossoms. *Erinacea* is a shrub of great charm and character, and given a well-drained slope among rocks in fullest sun, is perfectly easy to grow. It lives apparently for ever and ever, swelling very slowly into an ever larger dome of soft silvery grey. "Ever larger," however, is a matter of degree, for a specimen 2 ft. across would be a veteran to be proud of.

Several of the genistas—relations of *Erinacea*—make valuable rock shrubs. *Genista dalmatica* forms



"THE FLOWERS SIT STEMLESS AMID THE SPINES, LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE SOFT, LAVENDER BLUE GORSE BLOSSOMS": A CLOSE-UP OF THE DENSE GREY DOME OF *ERINACEA ANTHYLLIS* (FORMERLY, AND PERHAPS BETTER, KNOWN AS *E. PUNGENS*), "ONE OF THE BEST OF ALL ROCK-GARDEN SHRUBS." (Photograph by D. F. Merrell.)

giant has reached 5 ft., its owner might well have become dead, or grown so proud of his giant dwarf as to overlook its giantism.

There are several good pigmy willows for the rock-garden, and three of the best are British natives. *Salix reticulata* is a completely prostrate carpeter, which hugs the ground and clothes every contour of rock and soil with a carpet of roundish leaves which are handsomely marked with a network of veins. *Salix lanata*, a Highlander, grows 2 to 3 ft. high. Its rounded leaves are felted with shining, silver-grey down, which contrast finely with the big yellow catkins in May.

My favourite, however, is *Salix boydii*, a natural hybrid (parentage unknown), which was discovered many years ago in the Highlands by its namesake, Dr. Boyd. There was, I believe, one single, solitary specimen only, which Dr. Boyd conveyed to his garden, where he grew it successfully and propagated it to a small extent. All the specimens now in cultivation—and they are very few—have come from that original wild find. I first heard of *Salix boydii* when someone wrote and asked me if I grew it. He had seen a plant of it in the rock-garden at Kew. I immediately made pilgrimage to Kew, and there found *S. boydii*, a rather scruffy scrag of a 2-ft. bush, with one foot in the grave, and the other on the brink. It was the sort of forlorn object that any normal orderly gardener would have "tidied up" to make room for something—almost anything—else. A casual observer would have passed it unnoticed. In fact I would probably have passed it myself had I not come specially to see it. Yet somehow it fascinated me. It was a willow, looking so little like a willow. Stiff and stocky in habit, it was more like some ancient pigmy apple-tree, the last solitary survivor in a moribund lilliputian orchard, and like all very old apple-trees, it seemed incapable of making any fresh branch or twig growth. All it could do was to put forth a crop of small round leaves, grey with silky down. It was a sick specimen, but even in health *Salix boydii* never makes more than half-an-inch of growth in a year.

I got in touch with Dr. Boyd's daughter, who kindly invited me to come and see *Salix boydii* in her garden in Scotland—which I did, and seldom have I felt so well rewarded for any longish plant pilgrimage—some 700-odd miles. And seldom have I visited a garden of moderate size so packed with interesting plants, nor met so generous a gardener as Miss Boyd. Among many other treasures, she gave me one of her



WITH SHARP YELLOW FLOWERS ERUPTING FROM FLANGED, DARK-GREEN STALKS LIKE THOSE OF AN EPIPHYLLUM CACTUS: *GENISTA SAGITTALIS*, A USEFUL AND VIGOROUS TRAILING SHRUB. (Photograph by D. F. Merrell.)



TYPICAL OF THE DWARF EASTERN RHODODENDRONS WHICH, IN SUITABLE CONDITIONS, ARE PERHAPS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF FLOWERING SHRUBS FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN: *RHODODENDRON DEGRONIANUM* (OFTEN INCORRECTLY KNOWN AS *R. METTERNICHII*), WITH PINK FLOWERS AND DARKER MARKINGS. DWARF RHODODENDRONS RANGE IN COLOUR FROM WHITE THROUGH PINK AND YELLOW TO RED AND VIOLET. (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

rounded domes of softly prickly evergreen foliage, which becomes a sheet of small heads of soft golden blossom. *Genista sagittalis* is a fairly vigorous trailer, with curiously flattened and winged 6- to 9-in. stems which stand, crowded and erect, each with a head of golden "broom" blossoms. *Genista delphinensis* is a minute version of *sagittalis* only an inch or two high. On account of its smallness—and charm—its companions and near neighbours should be chosen with care. It is the ideal small shrub for the sink garden. *Genista pilosa* is a British native, a broom, with typical golden broom flowers in miniature, which creeps flat upon the ground, trailing down the rock-garden slopes and cascading over the rocks in a dense evergreen and—in summer—golden carpet.

On a soil that suits them, the great family of heathers, the Ericas, are magnificent in, or better still, surrounding, the rock-garden. But Ericas have very definite ideas about soil. They like peaty and acid lime-free ground. But if your soil is stiff and limey, or chalky, the only heather worth planting is the winter- and spring-flowering *Erica carnea*. This grand species in its several varieties, pink, heather purple, crimson, and white, is magnificent for carpeting such open no-man's-land as may lie between the actual rock-garden and gravel path or whatever its surrounding boundaries may be. Rather a long time ago, in fact before World War I., I was called in to plant a big, rather dramatic rock-garden which the owner had had built. The soil was stiff, almost clayey. There was chalk beneath and about, and there was a big expanse of rockless no-man's-land to be clothed. I turned that ground into a miniature grouse-moor by planting 20,000 *Erica carnea*s, with a few outcrops of the tree-heath, *Erica arborea*. Folk were able to garden on that scale in those days. Although grouse never came to populate my moor, it was magnificent, and to-day nearly forty years on, it is still magnificent.



A MASTERPIECE OF SKILLED AND INTENSIVE CULTIVATION: A FIELD IN THE FERTILE PLAINS NEAR MURCIA, SOUTHERN SPAIN, PREPARED BY HAND FOR IRRIGATION AND THE PRODUCTION OF EARLY VEGETABLES.

In no part of the world—it is authoritatively stated—not even in Jāpan, is the soil so carefully and intensively cultivated as in the south of Spain, where early vegetables are produced for districts enjoying less favourable climates. This photograph was taken in March by a contributor who has recently returned from Spain, and it shows a field situated between the city of Murcia and Orihuela which had been prepared by hand for an elaborate system of irrigation. This fertile plain, known as the Garden of Murcia, enjoys a hot and dry climate and

the intensive cultivation is largely dependent on irrigation, which has been carried on, wherever practicable, since the time of the Moorish occupation (which ended in the thirteenth century). Tillage in this district is almost entirely manual and it is possible to travel for miles in the area without seeing a single weed. Such intensive cultivation is a formidable task and bears witness to the industry and skill of the cultivators; although, one must suppose, such methods can only be economically possible in a country where labour is still cheap.

THE FIRST SAMUEL SCOTT EXHIBITION EVER HELD: NOTABLE EXHIBITS.

THE work of Samuel Scott (1702c-1772) is typically English, although he is sometimes called "the English Canaletto." He was an important artist, and the Loan Exhibition of Pictures and Drawings by him which was due to open at Thos. Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries on April 3, affords a unique opportunity for studying his style, and will be of great assistance to students of his work. It is the first exhibition ever devoted to Samuel Scott, and all the works on view have been generously lent from private collections, so it offers an opportunity to see paintings and drawings not usually available to the public. The whole of the proceeds of the exhibition (which will continue until April 28) from entrance money and the sale of catalogues is being given, without deduction, to the Victoria Art Gallery, Bath, in which city

Continued on right.



"THE THAMES AT TWICKENHAM," ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT LOAN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY SAMUEL SCOTT. THE "SWAN INN" SEEN IN THE CENTRE STILL EXISTS. (18½ by 36½ ins.)

Continued.

Samuel Scott spent the last few years of his life. Mr. Harald Peake, in his foreword to the catalogue, writes: "There can be no doubt that Scott was a typically British artist of independent means and of independent outlook. He admired the work of Van de Velde and openly copied him before developing his own style. Scott has been referred to as 'the English Canaletto,' and in the sense that he did for London what Canaletto did for Venice, this is a fair comparison. On the other hand, there is no question whatever that Scott was painting London scenes several years before Canaletto arrived, and that his style is entirely different from that of Canaletto. . . . His pictures were in great demand, and for some years after his death patrons of art commissioned copies of his pictures. For this reason many of the pictures which are described as being by Scott are copies by less good artists."



"THE CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY 1757." THERE IS ANOTHER VERSION OF THIS PAINTING IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (54 by 41 ins. Lent by the Fishmongers' Company.)



"LAMBETH VIEWED THROUGH THE NORTH ARCH OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE." THIS PICTURE WAS PROBABLY PAINTED ON THE COMPLETION OF THE BRIDGE IN 1750. WESTMINSTER STEPS ARE SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND. (27 by 47 ins.)



"THE TOWER OF LONDON." "IN ABOUT 1735 SCOTT STARTED TO DRAW AND PAINT TOPOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS. HITHERTO HIS SUBJECTS HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM THE THAMES ESTUARY, GREENWICH, THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS AND THE POOL OF LONDON, ALSO FROM THE DESCRIPTION OF SEA FIGHTS. . . ." TO QUOTE MR. HARALD-PEAKE. (45 by 98 ins.)

"THE ENGLISH CANALETTO": PAINTINGS OF LONDON AND TWICKENHAM.

SAMUEL SCOTT, English painter of views and sea-pieces, a friend of Hogarth and the master of William Marlow and Sawrey Gilpin, was very successful in his lifetime, yet the available information about him is limited. It is derived mainly from Horace Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting" and from the diary of Joseph Farington, R.A. And, in addition, many of his paintings have, in the past, been ascribed to other artists, and copies of his works by lesser men have been attributed to him. Thus, in addition to the enjoyment which visitors to the Loan Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Samuel Scott

(Continued on right.)



"VIEW DOWN THE RIVER FROM THE GARDEN OF OLD SOMERSET HOUSE": ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND MANY CHURCH STEEPLES ARE SHOWN, AS WELL AS OLD LONDON BRIDGE. (18 by 36 ins.)



"ST. JAMES'S PARK": A VIEW LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE TOWARDS WESTMINSTER ABBEY. TO BE SEEN AT THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY SAMUEL SCOTT. (1702c-1772.) (24½ by 57 ins.)

arranged by Thos. Agnew and Sons at their Old Bond Street Galleries will derive from the fine works on view, it also provides an important opportunity for assessing the genius of a painter whose rivals in the field of marine painting in this country were Peter Monamy (d. 1749), Charles Brooking (1723-59) and Dominic Serres (1722-93). In about 1735 Scott turned his attention to topographical subjects. Previously he had taken his subjects from the Thames Estuary, Greenwich, the Royal Dockyards and the Pool of London, and from eye-witnesses' descriptions of sea-fights.



"WHITEHALL AND THE HORSE GUARDS, A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH": THIS PAINTING OF A WELL-KNOWN AREA IN LONDON AS IT WAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HAS GREAT TOPOGRAPHICAL INTEREST AS WELL AS ARTISTIC IMPORTANCE. (25 by 39 ins.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE PURSUIT OF GLASS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE pursuit of glass always seems to me a peculiarly hazardous occupation—hazardous, I mean, in the sense that a little knowledge is dangerous. That cautious adage, to be sure, applies just as much

to everything else in this world and perhaps I think of it especially in connection with glass because it is not easy—not easy at all—to keep in one's mind's eye the distinction of colour. Two glasses can appear to be identical, but when you look closely, though the form will be the same, you can distinguish a very subtle colour difference—in the delicate nuance of blue-white, for example, compared with merely white-white, or, if you prefer, colourless colour. But it is one thing to acquire wisdom when the good and the not so good are on the

hammer on tables with glasses as a normal ritual; a spoon or a knife-handle is so much more convenient. Can any reader quote chapter and verse for the early use of this strange description and can he provide an alternative explanation?

What happens so often is that somebody thinks of a story and gets it into print, and then a succession of writers take it as gospel. A case in point is that rather comfortable sort of chair—there are very few of them in existence—on which you can sit astride facing the back, on which is a book-rest, with your elbows supported on the two arms. Beneath the seat is a small drawer. These are believed by some people to be cock-fighting chairs, but the grounds for this are to my mind quite inadequate—but there are still plenty of people in the world who would much prefer to own such a romantic piece rather than a mere reading-chair. To return to the subject of this nice little glass. I am almost ashamed to suggest anything so simple as that there was a demand for sturdy glasses which were not easily upset and whose stems were not easily broken.

If you happen to share my own prejudices, you will find yourself fascinated by the various opaque white or coloured "twists" with which mid-eighteenth-century glass manufacturers decorated the stems of so many of their pieces. Fig. 1 (not so clear in the photograph) has a blue-and-white twist; Fig. 2—three typical and very good examples—shows the following from left to right: two green and one red spirally-twisted strands, white opaque twist encircled by a red-and-blue strand, and a white opaque twist encircled by green and blue strands. These results and dozens of others of

Albert Museum for 7s. 6d. You start with the sixth century B.C. in Egypt and end up in England in A.D. 1935. There are seventy-two pages of plates and 150 of wisdom. Incidentally, it is good for our



FIG. 1. WITH A BLUE-AND-WHITE OPAQUE TWIST STEM: AN EXAMPLE OF ONE OF THE SO-CALLED "FIRING GLASSES." [Height, 4½ ins.]

Small glasses with heavy stems and thick bases such as the example illustrated are referred to by collectors as "Firing Glasses." Frank Davis discusses the origin of this description and confesses himself "wholly heretical" on the subject.

table before one in a brilliant light, and another to form

a correct judgment when one's only standard of comparison is memory. Nor can photographers enable one to detect a well-made fraud—the authentic and the false will look as alike as two peas.

Patience, experience and an acquaintance with the few men who have lived daily with glass for most of their lives are the only sure salvation—plus, of course, the opportunity of seeing what you can of the very best pieces. Here are a few of the sort we would all like to pick up, even though not everybody will specially admire the rather stumpy little specimen of Fig. 1, which collectors refer to as a "Firing Glass." I confess that when I saw this description I was puzzled and asked an eminent authority, who assured me that the explanation, which had come down through the generations, was simple. These small glasses with heavy stems and thick bases were used by the man who was proposing a toast (I hesitate to use the word "toast-master," because I am not sure whether the word was current in the eighteenth century), and they were made specially strong so that he could hammer on the table with them and call for silence. They were called "Firing Glasses" because when you hammer on a table you make a noise like firing a gun.

I am wholly heretical about this doctrine, because I believe that our ancestors had more sense than to



FIG. 3. WITH AN OPAQUE TWIST STEM BETWEEN TWO "TEAR" KNOTS: A CANDLESTICK. Height, 10 ins.

This piece serves as an illustration of both "tears" and the opaque twist. The two knobs, one just below the candle-holder and the other immediately above the base, contain "tears" which may be clearly seen. The twist is particularly beautiful.

which will not be too difficult or expensive. For once in a way, and to anticipate enquiries about glass, I can direct your attention to an admirable survey from the pen of Mr. W. B. Honey which is to be found on the bookstall of the Victoria and



FIG. 2. ILLUSTRATING THE FASCINATING TWISTS WITH WHICH MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GLASS MANUFACTURERS DECORATED THE STEMS OF MANY OF THEIR PIECES: THREE TYPICAL AND GOOD EXAMPLES.

The glasses in this photograph, from left to right, are a bell-bowl on a stem with spirals, two green and one red twisted strands; a deep ogee bowl on a blue, red and white twist stem; and a white opaque twist stem with green and blue strands.

self-esteem to learn that in the eyes of our neighbours in Europe we do not occupy a very high place as glass-manufacturers—in the standard book on the subject (Robert Schnidt: "Das Glas," Berlin, 1922), only three pages out of more than 400 are devoted to us.

Perhaps a page illustrating some of the slender coloured twist glasses ought not to appear without a

reminder that these very delightful types grew out of the earlier tradition of the heavy baluster stem glasses which many people consider to be not only typically English but on the whole the most satisfactory of all English table glass. Fig. 4 is a rare and early example (probably before 1700)—a straight-sided bowl, solid base, with an acorn-shaped baluster stem supported on a wide folded foot. It was this type which was more or less standard until the Glass Excise Act of 1745, by which a duty was levied on the weight of the metal, encouraged manufacturers to search for means of lightening their wares and also to venture more and more into the rather dangerous (aesthetically dangerous, that is) field of engraving. Some of this engraving is decidedly crude, though when its subject is either Jacobite or Williamite—such glasses had a great vogue for a decade or so after the 1745 rising—it exercises a perpetual fascination upon the market.

Much finer is the enamelling on glasses and decanters which can reasonably be attributed to William Beilby, of Newcastle—a craftsman of rare gifts, whose discreet enamelling of flowers or grapes or hops or barley shows a very nice sense of proportion in relation to the whole surface.



FIG. 4. PROBABLY DATING FROM BEFORE 1700: A RARE AND EARLY ENGLISH GOBLET. [Height, 7½ ins.]

This early goblet is one of many varieties of pieces with baluster stems. It is typical of English table-glass before about the middle of the eighteenth century.



WHERE FAMOUS AIRCRAFT SEEM TO SWOOP INTO THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: LOOKING OUT OF THE TRANSPORT PAVILION TO THE BUTTRESSES OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.

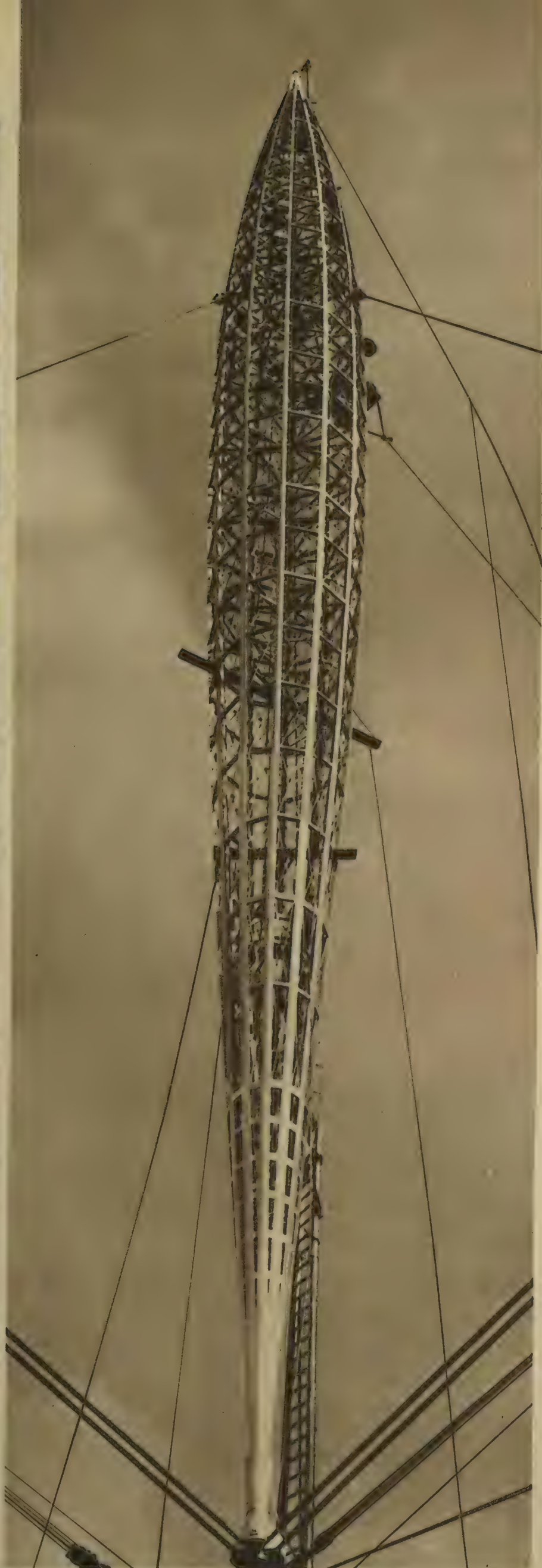


WITH A BUOY STANDING BETWEEN THE DOME (RIGHT) AND THE SEA AND SHIPS PAVILION (LEFT), WITH THE TRANSPORT PAVILION IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



ARRIVING AT THE FESTIVAL SITE TO TAKE UP ITS POSITION BESIDE THE FESTIVAL HALL: THE R.N.L.I.'S MOST MODERN LIFEBOAT, SIR GODFREY BARING.

WITH the weather at the end of March showing some slight improvement, progress on the Festival site has gone forward rapidly, with many of the exhibits being set in their appointed places. As a London spectacle, the most obvious advance has been the erection of the vertical feature called the "Skylon." This, which stands, or rather appears to float in air, on the waterfront not far from the Dome of Discovery, is an aluminium pencil, 300 ft. high, poised 40 ft. above ground and supported by such slender guy-wires that it seems to have no visible means of support. It will be lit internally, with lamps that are amber at the base, but which gradually change to an intense white light at the summit. The design was prepared by Messrs. Powell and Moya and won first prize in the competition for this feature.



THE FESTIVAL'S "TOTEM"—THE 300-FT.-HIGH "SKYLON," NEARING COMPLETION ON THE SOUTH BANK WATERFRONT BETWEEN HUNGERFORD AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGES.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE CHEQUERED STORY OF RED SQUIRRELS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is, even now, often asserted that the native red squirrel has been pushed out by the imported grey, though this view has been long discredited by those having access to reliable information. It would not be untimely, therefore, to re-examine the evidence for this. But first let me make it very clear that it is not my purpose here to argue the vices or virtues of squirrels, red or grey, merely to examine the possible causes for the diminution in numbers of the red. Perhaps our first witness should be "W. H.", who contributed a footnote to the 1837 edition of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne." "I was much surprised at hearing from a man who kept a bird and cage shop in London, that not less than twenty thousand squirrels are annually sold there for the *menus plaisirs* of cockneys, part of which come from France, but the greater number are brought in by labourers to Newgate and Leadenhall markets, where any morning during the season four or five hundred might be bought. He said that he himself sold annually about seven hundred; and, he added, that about once in seven years the breed of squirrels entirely fails, but that in other seasons they are equally prolific. The subject was introduced by his answering to a woman who came in to buy a squirrel, that he had not had one that season, but before that time in the last season he had sold five hundred. It appears that the mere manufacture of squirrel cages for Londoners is no small concern."

It is when we search the books written over the last 150 years, and especially those of the nineteenth century, that we begin to get the story in its correct perspective. Man, not the grey squirrel, has pushed the red squirrel out. How far, and until what date, the squirrel was used as an article of diet it is not easy to determine. References to this are scarce in the literature. But we may assume that its slaughter for human consumption must have been fairly considerable. In addition, and here by contrast there are numerous references in the literature of the times, the squirrel was hunted extensively for sport. Squirrel hunts by parties of men using sticks and stones seem to have been not uncommon. Writing in the "Observers' Book of British Wild Animals," W. J. Stokoe records that: "... in the neighbourhood of large towns the 'sporting instinct' of ignorant people has led them to kill or mutilate the Squirrel with sticks and stones. Not many years ago the numerous Squirrels that added to the attractions of Richmond Park were shot by the keepers to prevent them being killed in this way."

We may be sure that the common squirrel, as it used to be called, had other enemies. Gamekeepers doubtless took their toll. Steel trapping of rabbits, judging by the present-day experience in Pembrokeshire, must have accounted for many more. The successive felling of trees during the nineteenth century must have had its effect also. Finally, perhaps only a minor contributory cause, the keeping of squirrels must have been detrimental to the population of these rodents as a whole. "W. H." has remarked that "the mere manufacture of squirrel cages... is no small concern," and in conjunction with this we

find such indications as Buckland's comment in an 1880 edition of Gilbert White: "... a boy has taken three little squirrels in their nest." Squirrels are slow-breeding, having one, more rarely two, litters of three young a year.

Yet, although the evidence points to such a combination of adverse factors, no exact data have been preserved of the numbers or distribution of the red squirrels in England and Wales. On the contrary, the statements, especially by writers of recent years, are conflicting and confusing. Thus, R. S. R. Fitter, in "London's Natural History," writes: "It must be remembered that the natural habitat of the red squirrel is coniferous woodland, and it was only because of the intensive persecution of its natural enemies, especially martens by game-preservers, that it was enabled to spread into the deciduous woodlands

Epping Forest was due to Mr. C. E. Green buying "a number of Continental red squirrels in Leadenhall Market" and releasing them on his estate about 1910.

So far the position in England and Wales only has been discussed. That in Scotland is summarised by F. Fraser Darling in "Natural History in the Highlands and Islands." Briefly, it is that deforestation had almost exterminated the animal. Its resurgence was mainly the result of introductions of the Continental red squirrel: by the Duchess of Buccleuch in 1772; by the Duke of Atholl in 1790; by Lady Lovat in 1844; by an unnamed person in 1847. The resurgence was so successful that "the Highland Squirrel Club, which exists for the purpose of controlling the numbers of red squirrels on Scottish estates," has killed "since its inception in 1903, more than 100,000 red squirrels."

There may be confusion or even contradictions in the published story, but one thing stands out clearly: that the red squirrel in Britain has had a

chequered career. On the one hand, there are those who sought its extermination. On the other hand, there are those who sought its maintenance, or its re-establishment. And this balance of contending parties has not altered to-day. Another thing that can be said with fair certainty—that if the grey squirrel has helped to oust the red, it has merely continued the work begun by man himself. In fact, the grey squirrel can fairly certainly be exonerated.

To begin with, the two species occupy different habitats, for where the red is most at home in dense coniferous woods or woods of fir and oak mixed, the grey is more at home in open woodlands or parkland. There are places where their territories overlap; there have even been fights observed between individuals of the two species in which the larger, heavier grey has usually been the victor. There is also evidence suggesting that, in some areas, after the grey has colonised a stretch of country for some fifteen years, the red seems to have disappeared. On the other hand, there has

been noted, in other areas, a drastic diminution in the numbers of the red where the grey has not yet penetrated. On the whole, then, there is no convincing evidence that the two species are in any greater competition, or are greater rivals, than in other cases where comparable species occupy adjoining territory. And large areas of England contain both red and grey squirrels, each in their respective habitats.

As in former times, there are those, mainly foresters, who dislike the red as much as the grey squirrel; and at the same time there are many others, mainly naturalists, who would welcome the reappearance of the red in its former haunts. The result is that, while in some parts of Britain the red is actively persecuted, in other parts anxious eyes watch eagerly for a sight of it. There are often reports of the red squirrel having been seen in this or that place, from which it has been absent for years, and there is always the suspicion that the observer has seen a grey squirrel with an unusual amount of chestnut in its pelage. The colour of the red squirrel should be unmistakable. Even more so are the tufted ears and the smaller size.



UNLIKE THE GREY SQUIRREL WHICH SHOWS NO MARKED CHANGES WITH THE SEASONS, EXCEPT IN COLOUR: THE RED SQUIRREL, *SCIURUS VULGARIS LEUCOURUS*, AS IT APPEARS AT VARIOUS TIMES OF THE YEAR.

Reports are often received that the red squirrel has been seen again in one or other of its former haunts. There is always the hope that the reports may be correct, coupled with the suspicion that the summer phase of the grey squirrel may have caused mistaken identity. In the series of skins of the red squirrel illustrated above, we show: (from left to right) (a) the winter pelage, with the long, dense coat, dark-brown ear-tufts and tail; (b) by April the winter coat is becoming pale, and so are the ear-tufts and tail; (c) May-June. The winter coat has been shed, leaving the short, dark-red summer coat, but the ear-tufts, although strongly bleached, still remain, and the tail is still partly bleached; (d) July. The ear-tufts are shed and the tail completely bleached; (e) August. The bleached tail hairs are being shed and replaced by the dark winter growth; (f) September. The thick winter coat and tail are dark-brown, the ear-tufts not yet grown. The times of the year given above are approximate, and vary in different parts of the country.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

in the south in such abundance during the nineteenth century." To say the least, this conflicts with the picture drawn by "W. H." in the early part of that century, of the major part of 20,000 each year being caught in the country around London and sold in the London markets.

Another point in the history of the red squirrel relates to the disease which is said to have decimated its ranks. Of this, Fitter gives us: "At the peak of its expansion, round about 1900, the red squirrel was smitten by one of those mysterious and catastrophic epidemics that happen in the animal world just when a species seems to be going strong, and lost nearly all the ground it had gained in the previous hundred years or so. In the London area, where it has been quite common in the outer wooded districts, it became almost extinct, except in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest." There is little information to be obtained regarding this disease, even though a number of post-mortems were carried out, but doubtless we can accept the fact that, in the early years of the present century, a disease did decimate the red squirrel.

One point made by Fitter should be emphasised: the fact that the squirrel did not become extinct in

A SURVEY OF NEWS ITEMS IN PICTURES: EVENTS ABROAD SEEN BY THE CAMERA.



(LEFT.) THIS MODERN AGE: THE BOMB SHELTER MART IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING TWO TYPES FOR SALE; A SMALL CIRCULAR SHELTER (FOREGROUND) AND A LARGER ONE FITTED WITH A STOVE, RADIO AND OTHER EQUIPMENT.



(RIGHT.) BICYCLE INSURANCE IN GERMANY: A NEW TYPE OF PADLOCK WHICH GUARANTEES THE SAFETY OF A BICYCLE OR ITS REPLACEMENT IF STOLEN.

A German insurance company has devised a scheme of insurance whereby the owner of a bicycle may purchase a special type of padlock for three marks coupled with a policy costing six marks. If the bicycle is stolen the owner sends the padlock-key, together with a police certificate testifying to the theft, to the company, and after fourteen days he receives a new bicycle.



A LANDSLIDE WHICH CLOSED A WELL-KNOWN RIVIERA ROAD ON MARCH 30: THE MASS OF ROCK WHICH BLOCKED THE MOYENNE-CORNICHE, ONE OF THREE COASTAL ROADS FROM NICE TO ITALY, FOR SEVERAL DAYS, MAKING IT IMPASSABLE TO TRAFFIC.



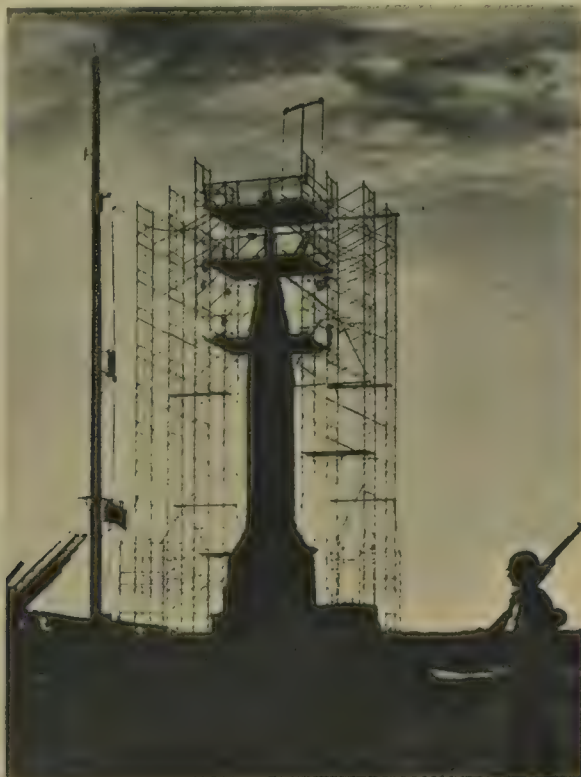
A NEW U.S. TANK: THE 26-TON WALKER BULLDOG (T-41) NOW IN PRODUCTION AT THE CLEVELAND AIRPORT BOMBER PLANT, THREE MONTHS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

On March 27 the first production model of the Walker Bulldog was completed at Cleveland, three months ahead of schedule. The tank is named after the late General Walker, commander of the 8th Army in Korea, who was killed in an accident on December 23. It is armed with a 76-mm. gun and is the first new U.S. tank since World War II.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A BABY CAHOW: A CHICK ESTIMATED TO BE ABOUT THREE WEEKS OLD.

In our issue of March 3 we published what are probably the first photographs ever taken of a living Cahow, a rare oceanic bird, widely believed to have been extinct for 300 years. The baby Cahow above was hatched from an egg found by Dr. Murphy and Mr. Mowbray on one of Bermuda's uninhabited islands.



RESEMBLING A MEMORIAL UNDER CONSTRUCTION: A V-2 ROCKET, READY FOR FIRING, AT A PROVING GROUND IN FLORIDA.

Under the watchful eye of a sentry this V-2 rocket stands ready for firing in a frame of scaffolding at the U.S. Long Range Proving Ground in Florida, where extensive experimental work has been carried out with these missiles. The weird-looking structure silhouetted against the sky presents a picture-symbol of United States' preparedness.



IN PENSIVE MOOD: A YOUNG POLAR BEAR CUB IN THE COPENHAGEN ZOO CUDDLES A BAR OF HIS CAGE.

The Copenhagen Zoo has two small exhibits that are causing as much excitement there as *Brumas* did in London last year. These are two young polar bear cubs, born a short time ago, and called *Apu* and *Angut*. The two young bears spend hours playing together, to the amusement and delight of the Danish children.

The World of the Cinema.

TOUR DE FORCE.

By ALAN DENT.

LITTLE more than two years ago, when we first saw "The Browning Version" in its original stage-form, I noted a line in it which might serve as a test-case for actresses for the intelligent use of emphasis. It occurred in the second act, when Millie Crocker-Harris, the classics-master's treacherous vixen of a wife, discovered her husband in a state of misery when he should have been dressing for dinner with the headmaster. The line is flat simplicity itself. It is no more or less than: "What's the matter with you?"

There are three possible emphases in this line's delivery. A stress on the first word would come naturally to a woman in a state of mild impatience. If the middle word "matter" receives the stress, the speaker's mood is much more impatient, and has a distinct overtone of perplexity added to it. But if the final word—the "you"—is emphasised, we can easily be given an impression of spite and intolerance added to the impatience. This is what Miss Mary Ellis did in this instance, when she played the part with Mr. Eric Portman as the classics-master. She did, in fact, put so sharp an emphasis on the last word that the other words all seemed, as it were, to rush towards it for the purpose of adding to its piercing venom. The line in print looks insignificant. Miss Ellis, by delivering it as I have said, and accompanying it with something between a sneer and a frown—an expression which Mrs. Crocker-Harris showed only to her husband—made it a complete epitome of the vicious character she presented. As I have a deep interest in such matters, I subsequently asked both the author, Mr. Terence Rattigan, and the play's director, Mr. Peter Glenville, how this came about, and both immediately assured me that the notion of giving such stinging and tremendous emphasis to the "you" occurred to the brilliant Miss Ellis herself at her very first reading of the part.

Now comes the film-version of this capital little tragedy, directed by Mr. Anthony Asquith and with Mr. Michael Redgrave and Miss Jean Kent in the two chief parts. Miss Kent failed me at my favourite line rather badly. Far from emphasising the "you," she cut it entirely, so that the whole of the little speech as she delivered it—"What's the matter? Have you remembered to take your medicine? You look as white as a ghost!"—became a very ordinary expression of wifely concern and had much less malice in it than the stage-actress packed into that single monosyllable. This was all the more marked because in every other scene Miss Kent seemed to me to be following Miss Ellis with the closeness and the skill of a highly competent understudy. She had few side-lights of her own to offer, and no new subtleties. But she at least conformed to her author's intention—that of presenting a quite worthless and cruel woman who had beguiled a little community into believing that she was a fascinating creature who had the misfortune to be married to a dull and charmless husband.

The truth, of course, is that Millie is a parochial or cathedral-close version of Hedda Gabler, though with none of Hedda's reticence in avoiding a common-place bout of adultery. And, similarly, Crocker-Harris—"Crock" to the boys—is not at all unlike what Sir Hugh Walpole (always most at home with schoolmasters and the like) would have made of Hedda's husband, George Tesman, if he had thought of introducing him into the same school with Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill. This is only a rather roundabout way of saying that Mr. Rattigan's characterisation is not markedly original. There is no reason, in this play, why it should be. There are, in fact, several reasons against it, the first being that markedly

original schoolmasters last no time at all—not half as long, even, as poor Crock did!

No, the strength of this film—as of the original play—is in the ingenuity of its events, and in the masterly way in which an apparently trifling incident is made to shed light on the characters as they move,



"AS GOOD AN EXAMPLE AS I HAVE EVER SEEN OF A COMPLETE 'CHARACTER' PERFORMANCE": MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS ANDREW CROCKER-HARRIS, THE CLASSICS-MASTER, IN "THE BROWNING VERSION." OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS TAPLOW (BRIAN SMITH) HANDING TO CROCKER-HARRIS THE CLASSICS-MASTER'S UNFINISHED TRANSLATION OF THE AGAMEMNON WHICH HE HAS FOUND.



"A BRILLIANT AND ENTHRALLING STUDY OF A BORE WHO IS FAR TOO HUMAN TO BORE ANY SENSITIVE OBSERVER FOR AS MUCH AS A SPLIT SECOND": "THE BROWNING VERSION" (J. ARTHUR RANK), A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING ANDREW CROCKER-HARRIS REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR WITH HIS WIFE MILLIE (JEAN KENT) AND HUNTER (NIGEL PATRICK).

Terence Rattigan's play, "The Browning Version," has now been made into a film which has been directed by Anthony Asquith. Michael Redgrave takes the part of Andrew Crocker-Harris, the classics-master, with whose mind and heart the film is chiefly concerned. Mr. Dent says "Mr. Rattigan allows us to understand him so fully that we find everything that he does and says of absorbing interest. He has very shrewdly trusted no one but himself to write his 'screen play.' And Mr. Redgrave's compliance is... a perfect thing."

behave and think. Take, as an example, the incident that gives the piece its title. A schoolboy, genuinely sorry at Crock's enforced departure, makes him a present of Robert Browning's translation of "The Agamemnon" of Æschylus. He has bought it for a few pence, but his action makes the overwrought Crock collapse in un-schoolmasterly tears. But in a previous scene we have noted this same boy mimicking Crock for the amusement of the young science-master (Nigel Patrick), who is Mrs. Crock's lover. The lady hears about the mimicry, and when her husband mentions—with pretended casualness—how touched he has been at the boy's gift, she jumps at the chance of hurting and humiliating her husband further, even at the expense of truth. She says: "The cunning little beast! He was seen imitating you the other day, and he's thought up this way of escaping punishment!" This malevolent utterance is the last straw on the back of her lover's patience, for she makes the fatal mistake of making it in his presence as well as her husband's. "One doth not know how much an ill word may poison liking," as Shakespeare's Hero remarks. Mrs. Crock's ill word, spoken in an impulsive moment, robs her of her guilty solace for good.

In the case of Mr. Redgrave and Crock, comparison with Mr. Portman simply does not arise, for the reason that the film actor has entirely re-created the character in accordance with his own conception. The two actors (and their two performances) have nothing whatsoever in common except a complete faithfulness to their author's text. Mr. Redgrave's portrayal is very remarkable and quite astonishingly consistent with itself and within itself. It is as unlike Mr. Portman's memorable portrayal as it is unlike Mr. Redgrave's Orlando in the past or his King Richard the Second in the season just begun at Stratford-upon-Avon. It is as good an example as I have ever seen of a complete character performance. The voice is high-pitched, precise and with an odd silken rasp to it. It is the voice of a man tragically without

a sense of humour. It is the voice of a failure—for Crock has failed both as a husband and in his life-task of persuading pimply boys to take a real interest in Latin and Greek. His looks and bearing match his voice, and are no less beautifully sustained. Even his collar is the collar of a man whose very jocosity is prim and severe. He is, too, an undramatic kind of man. When he divulges that he has known for years about his wife's infidelity, his divulging does not make a "scene." The revelation which startles the guilty pair is to himself merely a truism, and is pointed by a quite inconspicuous shrug of the shoulders. He is as polished as his spectacles. And how cleverly Mr. Asquith (and his master-photographer, Mr. Desmond Dickinson) contrive to let us see a cup of tea or a glass of sherry reflected in those spectacles!

This is, in short, a brilliant and enthralling study of a bore who is far too human to bore any sensitive observer for as much as a split second. Crock bores his wife and his school colleagues and his schoolboys because they do not understand him fully. Mr. Rattigan allows us to understand him so fully that we find everything that he does and says of absorbing interest. He has very shrewdly trusted no one but himself to write his "screen play." And Mr. Redgrave's compliance is—as I must have sufficiently intimated by now—a perfect thing.

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"RICHARD II." AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: THE FESTIVAL CYCLE OF HISTORIES OPENS.



"GAUNT AM I FOR THE GRAVE, GAUNT AS THE GRAVE": THE DYING JOHN OF GAUNT (HUGH GRIFFITH; SEATED) IN HIS LAST SCENE WITH RICHARD II. (MICHAEL REDGRAVE).



"WHAT SPORT SHALL WE DEVISE HERE IN THIS GARDEN, TO DRIVE AWAY THE HEAVY THOUGHT OF CARE": THE QUEEN (HEATHER STANNARD) SURROUNDED BY HER ATTENDANTS.



THE LISTS AT COVENTRY: THE KING (ABOVE) ADDRESSES MOWBRAY (WILLIAM FOX; LEFT, BELOW) AND BOLINGBROKE (HARRY ANDREWS; RIGHT): "LET THEM LAY BY THEIR HELMETS AND THEIR SPEARS."



"EXTON, THY FIERCE HAND HATH WITH THE KING'S BLOOD STAIN'D THE KING'S OWN LAND": THE MURDER OF RICHARD BY EXTON (WILLIAM SQUIRE; WITH DAGGER, CENTRE).



RICHARD II. IN HIS GLORY: MICHAEL REDGRAVE IN THE FULL ROYAL ROBES OF THE STRATFORD PRODUCTION.



RICHARD II. BROUGHT LOW: MICHAEL REDGRAVE IN ONE OF THE LATER SCENES OF THE PLAY.



RICHARD II. AND HIS QUEEN: MICHAEL REDGRAVE AND HEATHER STANNARD IN THE STRATFORD PRODUCTION.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon during the Festival of Britain is marking the occasion by devoting the major part of the programme to a Cycle of Shakespeare's Histories, with the theme of Kingship as studied in the four plays which culminate in "Henry V." The first production of the cycle, "Richard II.", directed by Mr. Anthony Quayle, opened on March 24, with the

King played by Mr. Michael Redgrave, Bolingbroke by Mr. Harry Andrews, John of Gaunt by Mr. Hugh Griffith, and the Queen by Miss Heather Stannard. A very strong company has been assembled for the season, and the Governors have spent about £50,000 on extending, decorating and improving the Memorial Theatre. The stage has been extended and the gallery has been advanced.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE trouble with a really smashing theme is what to write next, and George R. Stewart's "Fire" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is up against it in a big way. Undoubtedly his "Earth Abides" was well done, though it had not the literary genius people thought they saw in it. They were enthralled and dazzled by the theme itself, the vision of a ruined culture and a fresh start. But these grand fantasies are unrepeatable; you can't destroy the human race every time. And Mr. Stewart, by doing it once with great éclat, severely compromised the whole future. "Fire" is accordingly, to some extent, a come-down. But less so than one would have thought. The writer has a line of his

own, and it is capable of being developed in the world of experience. This time his subject is a forest fire: a real, elaborately factual, workaday fire, a summer hazard in the mountains of California. The lightning strikes; and it is duly noted, for the Forest Service never lets up. But there is nothing more to see. A few dry needles smoulder at the foot of a pine; and in the evening breeze there is a wisp of smoke, as from a cigarette-end. During the night, the infant "sleeper" barely holds on. But in the morning it is still alive; and on the sixth day two look-outs can report a smoke. Battle is joined at once, and even now the fire is quite small; six men should be enough to handle it. But there are chances at every stage—wind, weather and the human element. At every stage, a vital something goes wrong; the skirmish rapidly becomes a war, and mounts up to a grand climax.

Well, here at any rate is something fresh. The theme itself is fresh, and the approach is even further from banality. The author knows his stuff in every detail, and presents it to the last crumb—how fires begin and how they spread, how the defence is organised and how it works, where it is vulnerable, how and why it may be found wanting. Its ranks provide the modicum of human interest, even a scrap of love-affair. Yet there is not the slightest flavour of reporting. The subject is conceived and treated on an epic scale—as though it were the size of "Earth Abides," and in the same tone. There are diversions, little dissertations on fire as such: on its importance to mankind, its rôle in metaphor and myth; on the recorded history of wild-fire; on the face of America. Then the immediate landscape is described, the place-names are accounted for, the animals are not forgotten. Mr. Stewart has tried to say everything; and everything, it must be owned, is rather too much. I was reminded of the advocate in "Les Plaideurs," who opened sweepingly: "*Avant la naissance du monde*—" and was adjured to get on to the Deluge. But this portentous spirit is the only drawback. It is a fascinating book, a real adventure in story-telling.

And after all, to have mapped out one's province, to possess a subject, is a great thing. How many talents seem to be adrift in space, and getting nowhere! "The Magician," by F. L. Green (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) has character as usual, and an air of message. It is compressed into a day and night, and crammed with fearful incident—with cops and robbers, lunacy and murder, and in fact all-out melodrama. It is a realistic fantasy, and a symbolic tract for the times. It is well planned, and certainly distinguished—but it just won't do. You feel the author, with the highest motives, made it all up.

Or so I felt, at least. The hero, Jonson, works underground, in the enormous basement of Emporium. In this "appalling dungeon" he has learnt to dream. He strays into a world of light, he plucks its flowers—and finds that other people can be made to see them. This is real magic; it brings him fame and fortune as a conjurer, but still he works underground. Above, his master is enthroned in wicked opulence and self-worship; at home, his wife has drifted into racketeering. Then comes the fatal night. Clouds burst, and thunder booms; police hunt the gangsters in a railway yard, and Jonson dodges his employer through the empty store. For Pemberger, the mighty Pemberger, was never sane, and now his mind is in collapse. He only had the power of magic, and a slave has filched it; death to the slave!

One could interpret this, no doubt. And in the execution there are brilliant moments—but the heart is wrong. Indeed, a message for the times is seldom a good idea.

"The Travelling Grave," by L. P. Hartley (James Barrie; 9s. 6d.), has no such handicap that I can see. It is a collection of short stories, old and new, and they are all "horrid"—full of ghosts, mysteries and eerie crime. This is perhaps the hardest of all genres, though not the highest, and its few miracles—tales that objectively convince, and literally haunt one—should be received as such, and not expected. There are none here; for Mr. Hartley's bogies never quite escape into the outer world. But in their own way, they are more real than Jonson and his whole environment. They are subjective bogies, nightmares of guilt and dread, poking their heads up from the mental undergrowth—and what is more remarkable, observed with calm, and even humour, at their most horrible. The guileless prey may be the villain and the butt, all at the same time: as, for example, in "A Change of Ownership." Indeed, this triple function may be called the norm. The volume is so steeped in personality, and so ubiquitously self-conscious, that it is difficult for any story not to come off. Look at the title-story, for example. Here a recurrent theme—the frightful risk of going to stay with anyone—has burst all bounds, and swamped all judgment of the feasible. It is preposterous; but the preposterous is quite in order, and indeed a symptom of truth. Most horror stories dread to raise a smile, but these can take it, even when they don't ask for it. But let me not suggest that everything is light and cheerful. These are real nightmares; despite the irony and humour, and the grace of style, they can be very nasty indeed.

"The Case Against Myself," by Gregory Tree (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is offered as a thrilling mystery in more ways than one. "Is this a first detective story?" asks the jacket. "If not, who is Gregory Tree?" "Alas, one shortly doesn't care. He is American; and with a gloss of novelty he has produced the old mixture, only so mixed that one might call it a farrago. Catherine is charged with poisoning her husband's mistress. All sorts of people—including jurors, who are quite irrelevant—narrate a chapter each. Those who have really played a part go over it in flash-back soliloquy. Between the court scenes—singularly flat—they rush around collecting evidence, and being assailed by thugs. Besides the gangsters we have a psychiatrist—and then some lurid melodrama. Wilder as it goes on.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN we talk of the stodgy French Defence or the brilliant King's Gambit, we are saying too much. An opening characterised by Black's first move or White's second, as these are respectively, has too many convolutions and ramifications for such a generalisation. There is many a dull King's Gambit, many a tensely exciting French Defence.

If you plan carefully, you can, either as White or Black, alter the traditionally accepted character of any standard opening. As often as not, it will pay well to do so. For if your opponent has played 1. P-K4, and after your 1. ... P-K4 continues, without a moment's hesitation, 2. P-KB4, it is an odds-on bet that he is saying to himself: "Let's have a bang. I feel like a wild, slashing attack. With any luck we'll have this game over in a couple of hours. Risky? Perhaps, another day, I'd not feel like risking so much, but I'm just in the mood for it to-day." He's just in the mood for it. He's waiting for you to take that pawn and join in the fun.

This is the moment to settle solidly down in your seat, light your pipe as if you meant it to last the evening, and play 2. ... B-B4. You are not going to join in the fun.

Yes, we all know the books say the King's Gambit is questionable, that Black can take the pawn and weather the storm. The point is, when White is so obviously ready for a storm, why oblige? 2. ... B-B4 is an excellent move. It develops a piece, it holds up 3. P-Q4 by your opponent. You follow with ... P-Q3, protecting your king's pawn, and now your other bishop is ready to come out; your knights step smartly to their natural stations at KB3 and QB3, and you have a picture of a game. Solid and sound. Meanwhile, your opponent is having to re-orient all his outlook, settle down to a dour war of attrition and discard all ideas of a call at the local on the way home.

Or you are White, and open 1. P-K4. Your opponent is the sort of person who likes to dig in for the evening and enjoy four or five hours' trench warfare. He replies 1. ... P-K3. He wants a blocked, dead position with plenty of ponderous manoeuvring. Alekhine knew what to do about this sort of thing. Here are two of the ways in which he used to make a French Defence look as if somebody had accidentally fallen over the board:

1. P-K4, P-K3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; 4. B-KKt5, B-K2; 5. P-K5, KKt-Q2; 6. P-KR4, B×B; 7. P×B, Q×P; 8. Kt-R3, with a winning attack.

1. P-K4, P-K3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. Kt-QB3, P-Kt5; 4. P-QR3, B×Ktch; 5. P×B, P×P; 6. Q-Kt4, Kt-KB3; 7. Q×KtP, R-KKt1; 8. Q-R6, and which side can Black's king go to?

If twenty-seven-year-old Bronstein beats the forty-year-old Champion Botvinnik in the match for the World Championship now in progress in Moscow, it will be because he has a more virile, imaginative approach to the openings. Botvinnik researches deeply but is rather inclined to adopt any line he favours with little variation for several years. Bronstein, on the other hand, is incessantly searching and experimenting and finding unsuspected resources in familiar positions. When we learnt that in the first game of the match he had adopted the Dutch Defence, which he had practically never played before and in the second he opened with the queen's pawn when his predilection is known to be for the king's, we knew that in this, the most important encounter of his life, he was as determined as ever not to allow caution to take the edge off his enterprise.

The golden rule in chess, as in most other branches of sport and war, is: "Find what your opponent wants and then give him the opposite—and be prepared to take anything and everything yourself."

here and remarked on just those points.) Setting out to "paint the other side of the picture," Mr. Seton Gordon succeeds most admirably. The student of history or archaeology or folklore, the natural historian or the plain hiker or climber will find this book as agreeable to read as it is pleasantly illustrated.

Another complete switch takes us across the world to study "The Rise and Fall of Japan," by David H. James (Allen and Unwin; 21s.). Captain James has known Japan since his early childhood seventy years ago, and was therefore able to watch with a knowledgeable eye the whole period of emergence, florescence and collapse of the Japanese Empire. The historical section is most useful (though perhaps he assumes too much knowledge on the part of the general reader), but his description of life as a P.O.W. interpreter from the fall of Singapore onwards is memorable. I wish, however, with his knowledge of the Far East he had produced a satisfactory answer to his own question: "What is to be done ultimately with a nation of 80,000,000 cooped up in small islands and increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year?"

A fascinating and valuable series is "The History of the British Film." The volume covering the period from 1914 to 1918 has just appeared, edited by Rachael Low and published by Allen and Unwin (35s.), under the joint auspices of the British Film Institute and the British Film Academy. How much—how very much—one would like to see some of the old films here analysed and illustrated, revived for our delectation.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ROUND THE WORLD IN FOUR BOOKS.

IT is a pity, in these dreary times, that Rabelais is so little read in this country—a pity because at a period which inclines to the "refined," the waterish and the niminy-piminy a few great gusts and gales of the Doctor's laughter would do much to clear our minds of cant and its natural son, gloom. As a doctor (and he was one of the greatest of his age) he believed strongly in the psychological influence of the physician himself on the patient. As Miss M. P. Willcocks says in "The Laughing Philosopher" (Allen and Unwin; 16s.), Rabelais believed that "even the doctor's appearance and his personal cleanliness count in dealing with the sick. Rabelais, with his gaiety and

courage, must have had an almost magnetic influence on the weak and the suffering. He would enter the patient's room like a fresh breeze." Moreover, like all first-class doctors, Rabelais had grasped the essential truth that the physician is but the serving-man to nature, the real healer, to whom he says: "Go thou, I follow. For no man goes astray in following thee." But it is not as a physician that the average Briton thinks of him. It is of a somewhat reprehensible being who gave the name "rabelaisian" to a certain type of broad humour, an individual who would be thought "not quite nice" in Surbiton and would be more at home in the four-ale bar than in the salon. It is, of course, perfectly true that Rabelais, the monk who left his monastery to become the foremost writer as well as the foremost doctor of his time, would have felt most at ease in the pub—though what he, with his worship of wine and plenty of it, would have made of British beer *consule Gaitshell*, would make delicious reading. But he was also a man of Courts who enjoyed the protection of the Queen of Navarre, the sister of François Premier (no small advantage this, in an age where many of his fellow-humanists were tainted with the Protestant heresy—of which Rabelais himself was suspected—and went to the stake, like his unhappy friend Dolet), and who, on his journeys to the Courts of Italy with his patron, Guillaume du Bellay, seems to have been at least half-diplomat and, on occasions, secret agent. Miss Willcocks rightly stresses the "universality" of Rabelais' mind. For although he was sometimes casting an eye over his shoulder towards the Middle Ages—and the authoress calls him the hinge of the door between the two periods—he was *par excellence* the man of the Renaissance, the supreme humanist, the boundless speculator in the things of the human mind and body. So it all came alike to him, whether as a wandering scholar moving from university to university, or as a doctor, dissecting a corpse, or collecting salad plants and seeds from the Pope's garden to send home to his patrons and friends, or watching the Lyonnais printing-presses at work, or lecturing to medical students, or delighting in the discovery of a Greek manuscript, or listening—delighted, appreciative and retentive—to the chaffing of peasants and townsfolk in the market-places of Touraine. "It was," as Miss Willcocks writes, "the ways of men he watched, from the courtesans of Avignon to the morals of the Cardinals and the diplomacy of Popes and Kings."

All this vast observation of human life went pouring into his books. He was of the earth earthy, for he never forgot the "cow country" of his youth, so that many of the doings of Gargantua and Pantagruel, Panurge and Friar John, would, indeed, scarcely commend themselves to the modern inhabitants of Suburbia. But for other readers the tremendous flow of words (so many of his own invention), the passages of touching beauty as in the death of the poet Raminogrobis, the bursts and roars and gales of laughter, above all, the zest which illuminates every line, will provide suitable literature of escape from these times. I advise the newcomer to Rabelais to read him in Sir Thomas Urquhart's edition—for no subsequent translator has so caught the very spirit of Rabelais' language. Besides, Urquhart himself was an admirable creature who, like Rabelais, had "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fortune." He was a Scottish laird who gave everything for his Royal masters in the Civil Wars, was imprisoned in the Tower (where he made friends with everybody) and died, we are told, of "an excessive fit of laughter" on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. How Rabelais would have appreciated that glorious exit! But before reading Urquhart, read Miss Willcocks' excellent book.

There could be few greater contrasts between the warm France and Italy of Rabelais and the Hebrides to-day—between the lovely chateaux of Touraine and the golden sands of the Loire and Dunvegan Castle and the Cuillin. Mr. Seton Gordon in "Afoot in the Hebrides" (Country Life; 30s.), writes, however, with as much affection of his scene as Miss Willcocks of hers.

Indeed, the book would seem to have been written almost as a defence. "In a recently published book much space has been devoted to criticism of the morals and sobriety of the people. I should like therefore to place on record that I have found this people sober, industrious and hospitable to a degree." (I know the book to which the author is referring. I reviewed it



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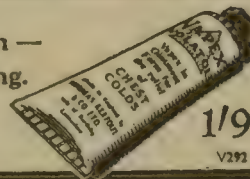
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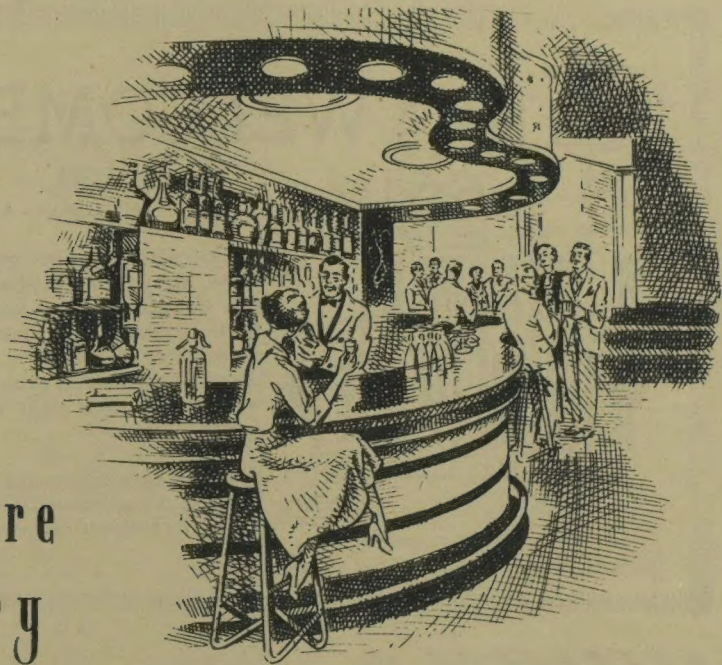
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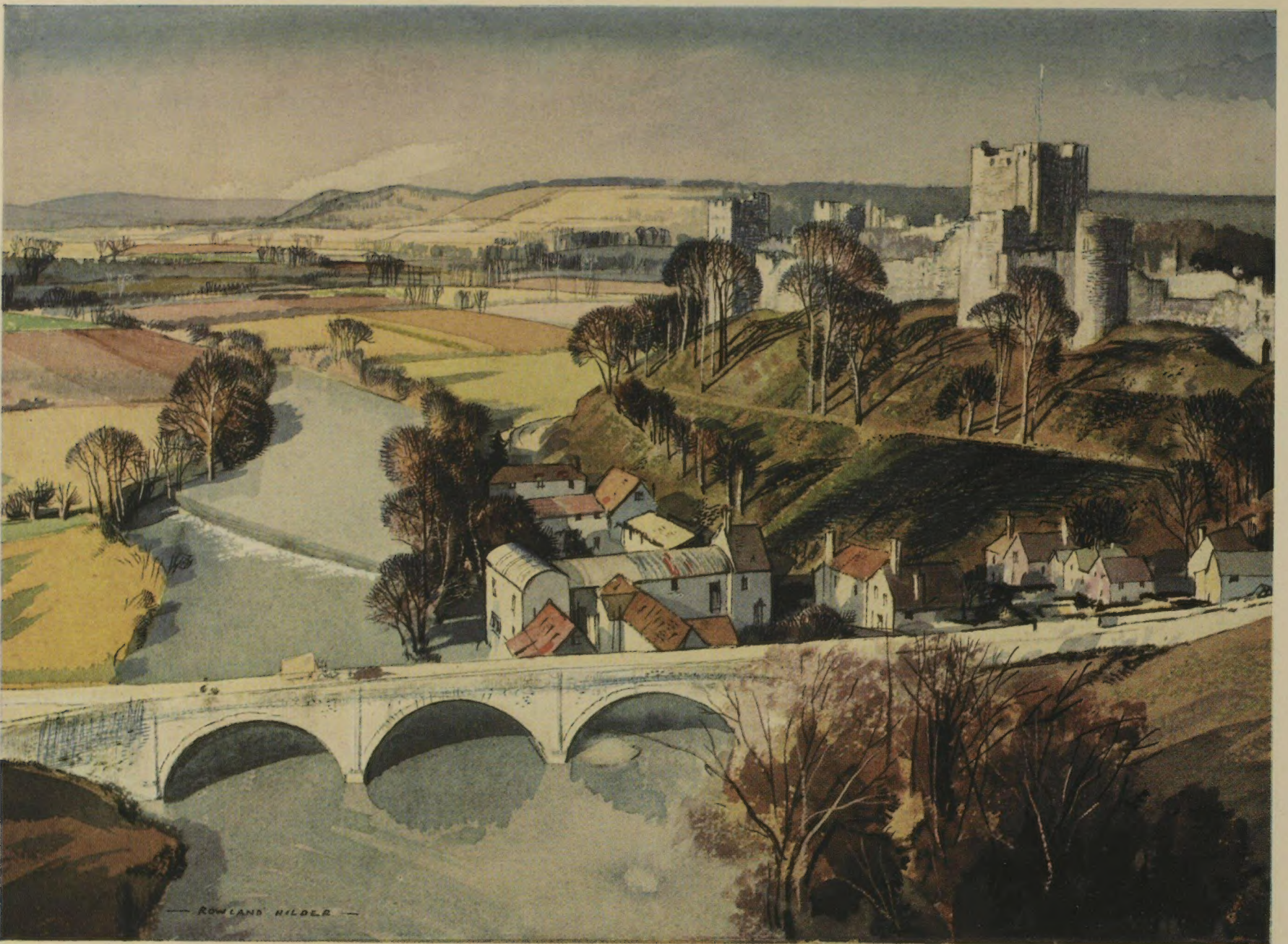
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